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SOUTHEY'S

POETICAL WORKS.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq.

POET LAUREATE,

AND MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY.

VOL. X.

RODERICK,

THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

VOL. 2.

LONDON:

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As the ample Moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty Grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene: Like power abides
In Man's celestial Spirit; Virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful and silent fire,
From the incumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment,.. nay from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of Despair.

WORDSWORTH.

RODERICK,

THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

XIV.

COUNT, said Pelayo, Nature hath assigned
Two sovereign remedies for human grief;
Religion, surest, firmest, first and best,
Strength to the weak and to the woundëd balm;
And strenuous action next. Think not I came
With unprovidëd heart. My noble wife,
In the last solemn words, the last farewell
With which she charged her secret messenger,
Told me that whatsoe'er was my resolve,
She bore a mind prepared. And well I know
The evil, be it what it may, hath found
In her a courage equal to the hour.

Captivity, or death, or what worse pangs,
She in her children may be doomed to feel,
Will never make that steady soul repent
Its virtuous purpose. I too did not cast
My single life into the lot, but knew
These dearer pledges on the die were set;
And if the worst have fall'n, I shall but bear
That in my breast, which, with transfiguring power
Of piety, makes chastening sorrow take
The form of hope, and sees, in Death, the friend
And the restoring Angel. We must rest
Perforce, and wait what tidings night may bring,
Haply of comfort. Ho there! kindle fires,
And see if aught of hospitality
Can yet within these mournful walls be found!

Thus while he spake, lights were descried far off
Moving among the trees, and coming sounds
Were heard as of a distant multitude.
Anon a company of horse and foot,
Advancing in disorderly array,
Came up the vale: before them and beside
Their torches flashed on Sella's rippling stream;

Nowgleamed through chesnut groves,emerging now,
O'er their huge bows and radiated leaves
Cast broad and bright a transitory glare.
That sight inspired with strength the mountaineers;
All sense of weariness; all wish for rest
At once were gone: impatient in desire
Of second victory alert they stood;
And when the hostile symbols, which from far
Imagination to their wish had shaped,
Vanished in nearer vision, high-wrought hope
Departing, left the spirit palled and blank.
No turban'd race, no sons of Africa
Were they who now came winding up the vale,
As waving wide before their horses' feet
The torch-light floated, with its hovering glare
Blackening the incumbent and surrounding night.
Helmet and breast-plate glittered as they came,
And spears erect; and nearer as they drew
Were the loose folds of female garments seen
On those who led the company. Who then
Had stood beside Pelayo, might have heard
The beating of his heart.

But vainly there
Sought he with wistful eye the well-known forms

Beloved; and plainly might it now be seen
That from some bloody conflict they returned
Victorious,.. for at every saddle-bow
A gory head was hung. Anon they stopt,
Levelling in quick alarm their ready spears.
Hold! who goes there? cried one. A hundred tongues
Sent forth with one accord the glad reply,
Friends and Asturians. Onward moved the lights,..
The people knew their Lord.
Then what a shout
Rung through the valley! From their clay-built nests,
Beneath the overbrowing battlements,
Now first disturbed, the affrightëd martins flew,
And uttering notes of terror short and shrill,
Amid the yellow glare and lurid smoke
Wheeled giddily. Then plainly was it shown
How well the vassals loved their generous Lord,
How like a father the Asturian Prince
Was dear. They crowdëd round; they claspt his knees;
They snatched his hand; they fell upon his neck,..
They wept;.. they blest Almighty Providence,
Which had restored him thus from bondage free:
God was with them and their good cause, they said;
His hand was here,.. His shield was over them,..

His spirit was abroad, .. His power displayed:
And pointing to their bloody trophies then,
They told Pelayo there he might behold
The first-fruits of the harvest they should soon
Reap in the field of war! Benignantly,
With voice and look and gesture, did the Prince
To these warm greetings of tumultuous joy
Respond; and sure if at that moment aught
Could for awhile have overpowered those fears
Which from the inmost heart o'er all his frame
Diffused their chilling influence, worthy pride,
And sympathy of love and joy and hope,
Had then possessed him wholly. Even now
His spirit rose; the sense of power, the sight
Of his brave people, ready where he led
To fight their country's battles, and the thought
Of instant action, and deliverance, ..
If Heaven, which thus far had protected him,
Should favour still, .. revived his heart, and gave
Fresh impulse to its spring. In vain he sought
Amid that turbulent greeting to enquire
Where Gaudiosa was, his children where,
Who called them to the field, who captained them;

And how these women, thus with arms and death
Environed, came amid their company;
For yet, amid the fluctuating light
And tumult of the crowd, he knew them not.

Guisla was one. The Moors had found in her
A willing and concerted prisoner.
Gladly to Gegio, to the renegade
On whom her loose and shameless love was bent,
Had she set forth; and in her heart she cursed
The busy spirit, who, with powerful call
Rousing Pelayo's people, led them on
In quick pursual, and victoriously
Achieve the rescue, to her mind perverse
Unwelcome as unlooked for. With dismay
She recognized her brother, dreaded now
More than he once was dear; her countenance
Was turned toward him, .. not with eager joy
To court his sight, and meeting its first glance,
Exchange delightful welcome, soul with soul;
Hers was the conscious eye, that cannot chuse
But look to what it fears. She could not shun
His presence, and the rigid smile constrained,

With which she coldly drest her features, ill
Concealed her inward thoughts, and the despite
Of obstinate guilt and unrepentant shame.
Sullenly thus upon her mule she sate,
Waiting the greeting which she did not dare
Bring on. But who is she that at her side,
Upon a stately war-horse eminent,
Holds the loose rein with careless hand? A helm
Presses the clusters of her flaxen hair;
The shield is on her arm; her breast is mailed;
A sword-belt is her girdle, and right well
It may be seen that sword hath done its work
To-day, for upward from the wrist or sleeve
Is stiff with blood. An unregardant eye,
As one whose thoughts were not of earth, she cast
Upon the turmoil round. One countenance
So strongly marked, so passion-worn was there,
That it recalled her mind. Ha! Maccabee!
Lifting her arm, exultingly she cried,
Did I not tell thee we should meet in joy?
Well, Brother, hast thou done thy part, .. I too
Have not been wanting! Now be His the praise,
From whom the impulse came!

That startling call,
That voice so well remembered, touched the Goth
With timely impulse now; for he had seen
His mother's face,.. and at her sight, the past
And present mingled like a frightful dream,
Which from some dread reality derives
Its deepest horror. Adosinda's voice
Dispersed the waking vision. Little deemed
Rusilla at that moment that the child,
For whom her supplications day and night
Were offered, breathed the living air. Her heart
Was calm; her placid countenance, though grief
Deeper than time had left its traces there,
Retained its dignity serene; yet when
Siverian, pressing through the people, kissed
Her reverend hand, some quiet tears ran down.
As she approached the Prince, the crowd made way
Respectful. The maternal smile which bore
Her greeting, from Pelayo's heart almost
Dispelled its boding. What he would have asked
She knew, and bending from her palfrey down,
Told him that they for whom he looked were safe,
And that in secret he should hear the rest.

XV.

How calmly gliding through the dark-blue sky
The midnight Moon ascends! Her placid beams
Through thinly scattered leaves and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here, o'er the chesnut's frettëd foliage grey
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh how awfully
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth, the endless sound

Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
Which in that brightest moon-light well-nigh quenched,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Toward eternity the attempered mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Breathes forth her hymn of praise.
The mountaineers
Before the castle, round their mouldering fires,
Lie on the hearth outstretched. Pelayo's hall
Is full, and he upon his careful couch
Hears all around the deep and long-drawn breath
Of sleep; for gentle night hath brought to these
Perfect and undisturbed repose, alike
Of corporal powers and inward faculty.
Wakeful the while he lay, yet more by hope
Than grief or anxious thoughts possessed,..though grief
For Guisla's guilt, which freshened in his heart
The memory of their wretched mother's crime,
Still made its presence felt, like the dull sense
Of some perpetual inward malady;

And the whole peril of the future lay
Before him clearly seen. He had heard all:
How that unworthy sister, obstinate
In wrong and shameless, rather seemed to woo
The upstart renegado than to wait
His wooing; how, as guilt to guilt led on,
Spurning at gentle admonition first,
When Gaudiosa hopelessly forbore
From farther counsel, then in sullen mood
Resentful, Guisla soon began to hate
The virtuous presence before which she felt
Her nature how inferior, and her fault
How foul. Despiteful thus she grew, because
Humbled yet unrepentant. Who could say
To what excess bad passions might impel
A woman thus possessed? She could not fail
To mark Siverian's absence, for what end
Her conscience but too surely had divined;
And Gaudiosa, well aware that all
To the vile paramour was thus made known,
Had to safe hiding-place with timely fear
Removed her children. Well the event had proved
How needful was that caution: for at night

She sought the mountain solitudes, and morn
Beheld Numacian's soldiers at the gate.
Yet did not sorrow in Pelayo's heart
For this domestic shame prevail that hour,
Nor gathering danger weigh his spirit down.
The anticipated meeting put to flight
These painful thoughts: to-morrow will restore
All whom his heart holds dear; his wife beloved,
No longer now remembered for regret,
Is present to his soul with hope and joy;
His inward eye beholds Favila's form
In opening youth robust, and Hermesind,
His daughter, lovely as a budding rose:
Their images beguile the hours of night,
Till with the earliest morning he may seek
Their secret hold.

The nightingale not yet
Had ceased her song, nor had the early lark
Her dewy nest forsaken, when the Prince
Upward beside Pionia took his way
Toward Auseva. Heavily to him,
Impatient for the morrow's happiness,
Long night had lingered, but it seemed more long

To Roderick's aching heart. He too had watched
For dawn, and seen the earliest break of day,
And heard its earliest sounds; and when the Prince
Went forth, the melancholy man was seen
With pensive pace upon Pionia's side
Wandering alone and slow. For he had left
The wearying place of his unrest, that morn
With its cold dews might bathe his throbbing brow,
And with its breath allay the feverish heat
That burnt within. Alas! the gales of morn
Reach not the fever of a wounded heart!
How shall he meet his Mother's eye, how make
His secret known, and from that voice revered
Obtain forgiveness,.. all that he has now
To ask, ere on the lap of earth in peace
He lay his head resigned! In silent prayer
He supplicated Heaven to strengthen him
Against that trying hour, there seeking aid
Where all who seek shall find; and thus his soul
Received support, and gathered fortitude,
Never than now more needful, for the hour
Was nigh. He saw Siverian drawing near,
And with a dim but quick foreboding met

The good old man: yet when he heard him say,
My Lady sends to seek thee, like a knell
To one expecting and prepared for death,
But fearing the dread point that hastens on,
It smote his heart. He followed silently,
And knit his suffering spirit to the proof.

He went resolved to tell his Mother all,
Fall at her feet, and drinking the last dregs
Of bitterness, receive the only good
Earth had in store for him. Resolved for this
He went; yet was it a relief to find
That painful resolution must await
A fitter season, when no eye but Heaven's
Might witness to their mutual agony.
Count Julian's daughter with Rusilla sate;
Both had been weeping, both were pale, but calm.
With head as for humility abased
Roderick approached, and bending, on his breast
He crossed his humble arms. Rusilla rose
In reverence to the priestly character,
And with a mournful eye regarding him,
Thus she began. Good Father, I have heard

From my old faithful servant and true friend,
Thou didst reprove the inconsiderate tongue,
That in the anguish of its spirit poured
A curse upon my poor unhappy child.
O Father Maccabee, this is a hard world,
And hasty in its judgements! Time has been,
When not a tongue within the Pyrenees
Dared whisper in dispraise of Roderick's name,
Lest, if the conscious air had caught the sound,
The vengeance of the honest multitude
Should fall upon the trait'rous head, or brand
For life-long infamy the lying lips.
Now if a voice be raised in his behalf,
'Tis noted for a wonder, and the man
Who utters the strange speech shall be admired
For such excess of Christian charity.
Thy Christian charity hath not been lost; . .
'Father, I feel its virtue: . . it hath been
Balm to my heart: . . with words and grateful tears,
All that is left me now for gratitude, . .
I thank thee, and beseech thee in thy prayers
That thou wilt still remember Roderick's name.

Roderick so long had to this hour looked on,
That when the actual point of trial came,
Torpid and numbed it found him; cold he grew,
And as the vital spirits to the heart
Retreatëd, o'er his withered countenance,
Deathy and damp, a whiter paleness spread.
Unmoved the while the inward feeling seemed,
Even in such dull insensibility
As gradual age brings on, or slow disease,
Beneath whose progress lingering life survives
The power of suffering. Wondering at himself,
Yet gathering confidence, he raised his eyes,
Then slowly shaking as he bent his head,
O venerable Lady, he replied,
If aught may comfort that unhappy soul,
It must be thy compassion, and thy prayers.
She whom he most hath wronged, she who alone
On earth can grant forgiveness for his crime,
She hath forgiven him; and thy blessing now
Were all that he could ask,.. all that could bring
Profit or consolation to his soul,
If he hath been, as sure we may believe,
A penitent sincere.

Oh had he lived,
Replied Rusilla, never penitence
Had equalled his! full well I know his heart,
Vehement in all things. He would on himself
Have wreaked such penance as had reached the height
Of fleshly suffering,.. yea, which being told
With its portentous rigour should have made
The memory of his fault, o'erpowered and lost
In shuddering pity and astonishment,
Fade like a feebler horror. Otherwise
Seemed good to Heaven. I murmur not, nor doubt
The boundless mercy of redeeming love.
For sure I trust that not in his offence
Hardened and reprobate was my lost son,
A child of wrath, cut off!.. that dreadful thought,
Not even amid the first wretchedness,
When the ruin burst around me like a flood,
Assailed my soul. I ever deemed his fall
An act of sudden madness; and this day
Hath in unlooked-for confirmation given
A livelier hope, a more assurëd faith.
Smiling benignant then amid her tears,
She took Florinda by the hand, and said,

I little thought that I should live to bless
Count Julian's daughter! She hath brought to me
The last, the best, the only comfort earth
Could minister to this afflictëd heart,
And my grey hairs may now unto the grave
Go down in peace.

Happy, Florinda cried,
Are they for whom the grave hath peace in store!
The wrongs they have sustained, the woes they bear,
Pass not that holy threshold, where Death heals
The broken heart. O Lady, thou may'st trust
In humble hope, through Him who on the cross
Gave his atoning blood for lost mankind,
To meet beyond the grave thy child forgiven.
I too with Roderick there may interchange
Forgiveness. But the grief which wastes away
This mortal frame, hastening the happy hour
Of my enlargement, is but a light part
Of what my soul endures!.. that grief hath lost
Its sting:.. I have a keener sorrow here,..
One which,.. but God forefend that dire event,..
May pass with me the portals of the grave,
And with a thought, like sin which cannot die,

Embitter Heaven. My father has renounced
His hope in Christ! It was his love for me
Which drove him to perdition... I was born
To ruin all who loved me,.. all I loved!
Perhaps I sinned in leaving him;.. that fear
Rises within me to disturb the peace
Which I should else have found.
To Roderick then
The pious mourner turned her suppliant eyes:
O Father, there is virtue in thy prayers!..
I do beseech thee offer them to Heaven
In his behalf! For Roderick's sake, for mine,
Wrestle with Him whose name is Merciful,
That Julian may with penitence be touched,
And clinging to the Cross, implore that grace
Which ne'er was sought in vain. For Roderick's sake
And mine, pray for him! We have been the cause
Of his offence! What other miseries
May from that same unhappy source have risen,
Are earthly, temporal, reparable all;..
But if a soul be lost through our misdeeds,
That were eternal evil! Pray for him,

Good Father Maccabee, and be thy prayers
More fervent, as the deeper is the crime.

While thus Florinda spake, the dog who lay
Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
And wistfully, had recognised at length,
Changed as he was and in those sordid weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and licked
His withered hand, and earnestly looked up
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech; and moaned, as if at once
To court and chide the long-withheld caress.
A feeling uncommixed with sense of guilt
Or shame, yet painfullest, thrilled through the King;
But he, to self-controul now long inured,
Represt his rising heart, nor other tears,
Full as his struggling bosom was, let fall
Than seemed to follow on Florinda's words.
Looking toward her then, yet so that still
He shunned the meeting of her eye, he said,
Virtuous and pious as thou art, and ripe
For Heaven, O Lady, I will think the man

Hath not by his good Angel been cast off
For whom thy supplications rise. The Power
Whose justice doth in its unerring course
Visit the children for the sire's offence,
Shall He not in his boundless mercy hear
The daughter's prayer, and for her sake restore
The guilty parent? My soul shall with thine
In earnest and continual duty join...
How deeply, how devoutly, He will know
To whom the cry is raised!
Thus having said,
Deliberately, in self-possession still,
Himself from that most painful interview
Dispeeding, he withdrew. The watchful dog
Followed his footsteps close. But he retired
Into the thickest grove; there yielding way
To his o'erburthened nature, from all eyes
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears streamed down, Thou, Theron, then hast known
Thy poor lost master,.. Theron, none but thou!

XVI.

Meantime Pelayo up the vale pursued
Eastward his way, before the sun had climbed
Auseva's brow, or shed his silvering beams
Upon Europa's summit, where the snows
Through all revolving seasons hold their seat.
A happy man he went, his heart at rest,
Of hope and virtue and affection full,
To all exhilarating influences
Of earth and heaven alive. With kindred joy
He heard the lark, who from her airy height,
On twinkling pinions poised, poured forth profuse,
In thrilling sequence of exuberant song,
As one whose joyous nature overflowed
With life and power, her rich and rapturous strain.
The early bee, buzzing along the way,
From flower to flower, bore gladness on her wing

To his rejoicing sense; and he pursued,
With quickened eye alert, the frolic hare,
Where from the green herb in her wanton path
She brushed away the dews. For he long time,
Far from his home and from his native hills,
Had dwelt in bondage; and the mountain breeze,
Which he had with the breath of infancy
Inhaled, such impulse to his heart restored,
As if the seasons had rolled back, and life
Enjoyed a second spring.

Through fertile fields
He went, by cots with pear-trees overbowered,
Or spreading to the sun their trelliced vines;
Through orchards now, and now by thymy banks,
Where wooden hives in some warm nook were hid
From wind and shower; and now thro'shadowy paths,
Where hazels fringed Pionia's vocal stream;
Till where the loftier hills to narrower bound
Confine the vale, he reached those huts remote
Which should hereafter to the noble line
Of Soto origin and name impart:
A gallant lineage, long in fields of war
And faithful chronicler's enduring page

Blazoned; but most by him illustratëd,
Avid of gold, yet greedier of renown,
Whom not the spoils of Atabalipa
Could satisfy insatiate, nor the fame
Of that wide empire overthrown appease;
But he to Florida's disastrous shores
In evil hour his gallant comrades led,
Through savage woods and swamps, and hostile tribes,
The Apalachian arrows, and the snares
Of wilier foes, hunger, and thirst, and toil;
Till from ambition's feverish dream the touch
Of Death awoke him; and when he had seen
The fruit of all his treasures, all his toil,
Foresight, and long endurance, fade away,
Earth to the restless one refusing rest,
In the great river's midland bed he left
His honoured bones.

A mountain rivulet,
Now calm and lovely in its summer course,
Held by those huts its everlasting way
Toward Pionia. They whose flocks and herbs
Drink of its water call it Deva. Here
Pelayo southward up the ruder vale

Traced it, his guide unerring. Amid heaps
Of mountain wreck, on either side thrown high,
The wide-spread traces of its wintry might,
The tortuous channel wound; o'er beds of sand
Here silently it flows; here, from the rock
Rebutted, curls and eddies; plunges here
Precipitate; here, roaring among crags,
It leaps and foams and whirls and hurries on.
Grey alders here and bushy hazels hid
The mossy side; their wreathed and knottëd feet
Bared by the current, now against its force
Repaying the support they found, upheld
The bank secure. Here, bending to the stream,
The birch fantastic stretched its ruggëd trunk,
Tall and erect, from whence, as from their base,
Each like a tree, its silver branches grew.
The cherry here hung for the birds of heaven
Its rosy fruit on high. The elder there
Its purple berries o'er the water bent,
Heavily hanging. Here, amid the brook,
Grey as the stone to which it clung, half root,
Half trunk, the young ash rises from the rock
And there its parent lifts a lofty head,

And spreads its graceful boughs; the passing wind
With twinkling motion lifts the silent leaves,
And shakes its rattling tufts.
Soon had the Prince
Behind him left the farthest dwelling-place
Of man; no fields of waving corn were here,
Nor wicker storehouse for the autumnal grain,
Vineyard, nor bowery fig, nor fruitful grove;
Only the rocky vale, the mountain stream,
Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills
Arose on either hand, here hung with woods,
Here rich with heath, that o'er some smooth ascent
Its purple glory spread, or golden gorse;
Bare here, and striated with many a hue,
Scored by the wintry rain; by torrents here
Riven, and with overhanging rocks abrupt.
Pelayo, upward as he cast his eyes
Where crags loose-hanging o'er the narrow pass
Impended, there beheld his country's strength
Insuperable, and in his heart rejoiced.
Oh that the Musselman were here, he cried,
With all his myriads! While thy day endures,
Moor! thou mayest lord it in the plains; but here

Hath Nature for the free and brave prepared
A sanctuary, where no oppressor's power,
No might of human tyranny can pierce.

The tears which started then sprang not alone
From lofty thoughts of elevating joy;
For love and admiration had their part,
And virtuous pride. Here then thou hast retired,
My Gaudiosa! in his heart he said;
Excellent woman! ne'er was richer boon
By fate benign to favoured man indulged,
Than when thou wert before the face of Heaven
Given me to be my children's mother, brave
And virtuous as thou 'art! here thou hast fled,
Thou who wert nurst in palaces, to dwell
In rocks and mountain caves!.. The thought was proud,
Yet not without a sense of inmost pain;
For never had Pelayo till that hour
So deeply felt the force of solitude.
High over head the eagle soared serene
And the grey lizard on the rocks below
Basked in the sun: no living creature else
In this remotest wilderness was seen;

Nor living voice was there, .. only the flow
Of Deva, and the rushing of its springs
Long in the distance heard, which nearer now,
With endless repercussion deep and loud,
Throbbed on the dizzy sense.
The ascending vale,
Long straitened by the narrowing mountains, here
Was closed. In front a rock, abrupt and bare,
Stood eminent, in height exceeding far
All edifice of human power, by king
Or caliph, or barbaric sultan reared,
Or mightier tyrants of the world of old,
Assyrian or Egyptian, in their pride;
Yet far above, beyond the reach of sight,
Swell after swell, the heathery mountain rose.
Here, in two sources, from the living rock
The everlasting springs of Deva gushed.
Upon a smooth and grassy plat below,
By Nature there as for an altar drest,
They joined their sister stream, which from the earth
Welled silently. In such a scene rude man
With pardonable error might have knelt,
Feeling a present Deity, and made

His offering to the fountain Nymph devout.
The arching rock disclosed above the springs
A cave, where hugest son of giant birth,
That e'er of old in forest of romance
'Gainst knights and ladies waged discourteous war,
Erect within the portal might have stood.
The broken stone allowed for hand and foot
No difficult ascent, above the base
In height a tall man's stature, measured thrice.
No holier spot than Covadonga Spain
Boasts in her wide extent, though all her realms
Be with the noblest blood of martyrdom
In elder or in later days enriched,
And glorified with tales of heavenly aid
By many a miracle made manifest;
Nor in the heroic annals of her fame
Doth she show forth a scene of more renown.
Then, save the hunter, drawn in keen pursuit
Beyond his wonted haunts, or shepherd's boy,
Following the pleasure of his straggling flock,
None knew the place.
Pelayo, when he saw
Those guttering sources and their sacred cave,

Took from his side the bugle silver-tipt,
And with a breath long drawn and slow expired
Sent forth that strain, which, echoing from the walls
Of Cangas, wont to tell his glad return
When from the chace he came. At the first sound
Favila started in the cave, and cried,.
My father's horn!.. A sudden flame suffused
Hermesind's cheek, and she with quickened eye
Looked eager to her mother silently;
But Gaudiosa trembled and grew pale,
Doubting her sense deceived. A second time
The bugle breathed its well-known notes abroad;
And Hermesind around her mother's neck
Threw her white arms, and earnestly exclaimed,
'Tis he!.. But when a third and broader blast
Rung in the echoing archway, ne'er did wand,
With magic power endued, call up a sight
So strange, as sure in that wild solitude
It seemed, when from the bowels of the rock
The mother and her children hastened forth.
She in the sober charms and dignity
Of womanhood mature, nor verging yet
Upon decay; in gesture like a queen,

Such inborn and habitual majesty
Ennobled all her steps, .. or priestess, chosen
Because within such faultless work of Heaven
Inspiring Deity might seem to make
Its habitation known... Favila such
In form and stature as the Sea Nymph's son,
When that wise Centaur from his cave well-pleased
Beheld the boy divine his growing strength
Against some shaggy lionet essay,
And fixing in the half-grown mane his hands,
Roll with him in fierce dalliance intertwined.
But like a creature of some higher sphere
His sister came; she scarcely touched the rock,
So light was Hermesind's aërial speed.
Beauty and grace and innocence in her
In heavenly union shone. One who had held
The faith of elder Greece, would sure have thought
She was some glorious nymph of seed divine,
Oread or Dryad, of Diana's train
The youngest and the loveliest: yea she seemed
Angel, or soul beatified, from realms
Of bliss, on errand of parental love

To earth re-sent, . . if tears and trembling limbs
With such celestial natures might consist.

Embraced by all, in turn embracing each,
The husband and the father for awhile
Forgot his country and all things beside:
Life hath few moments of such pure delight,
Such foretaste of the perfect joy of Heaven.
And when the thought recurred of sufferings past,
Perils which threatened still, and arduous toil
Yet to be undergone, remembered griefs
Heightened the present happiness; and hope
Upon the shadows of futurity
Shone like the sun upon the morning mists,
When driven before his rising rays they roll,
And melt and leave the prospect bright and clear.

When now Pelayo's eyes had drank their fill
Of love from those dear faces, he went up
To view the hiding place. Spacious it was
As that Sicilian cavern in the hill
Wherein earth-shaking Neptune's giant son

Duly at eve was wont to fold his flock,
Ere the wise Ithacan, o'er that brute force
By wiles prevailing, for a life-long night
Seeled his broad eye. The healthful air had here
Free entrance, and the cheerful light of heaven;
But at the end, an opening in the floor
Of rock disclosed a wider vault below,
Which never sun-beam visited, nor breath
Of vivifying morning came to cheer.
No light was there but that which from above
In dim reflection fell, or found its way,
Broken and quivering, through the glassy stream,
Where through the rock it gushed. That shadowy light
Sufficed to show, where from their secret bed
The waters issued; with whose rapid course,
And with whose everlasting cataracts
Such motion to the chill damp atmosphere
Was given, as if the solid walls of rock
Were shaken with the sound.
Glad to respire
The upper air, Pelayo hastened back
From that drear den. Look! Hermesind exclaimed,
Taking her father's hand, thou hast not seen

My chamber:..See!..did ever ring-dove chuse
In so secure a nook her hiding-place,
Or build a warmer nest? 'Tis fragrant too,
As warm, and not more sweet than soft; for thyme
And myrtle with the elastic heath are laid,
And, over all, this dry and pillowy moss...
Smiling she spake. Pelayo kissed the child,
And, sighing, said within himself, I trust
In Heaven, whene'er thy May of life is come,
Sweet bird, that thou shalt have a blither bower!
Fitlier, he thought, such chamber might beseem.
Some hermit of Hilarion's school austere,
Or old Antonius, he who from the hell
Of his bewildered phantasy saw fiends
In actual vision, a foul throng grotesque
Of all horrific shapes and forms obscene,
Crowd in broad day before his open eyes.
That feeling cast a momentary shade
Of sadness o'er his soul. But deeper thoughts,
If he might have foreseen the things to come,
Would there have filled him; for within that cave
His own remains were one day doomed to find
Their final place of rest; and in that spot,

Where that dear child with innocent delight
Had spread her mossy couch, the sepulchre
Shall in the consecrated rock be hewn,
Where with Alphonso, her beloved lord,
Laid side by side, must Hermesind partake
The everlasting marriage-bed, when he,
Leaving a name perdurable on earth,
Hath changed his earthly for a heavenly crown.
Dear child, upon that fated spot she stood,
In all the beauty of her opening youth,
In health's rich bloom, in virgin innocence,
While her eyes sparkled and her heart o'erflowed
With pure and perfect joy of filial love.

Many a slow century since that day hath filled
Its course, and countless multitudes have trod
With pilgrim feet that consecrated cave;
Yet not in all those ages, amid all
The untold concourse, hath one breast been swoln
With such emotions as Pelayo felt
That hour. O Gaudiosa, he exclaimed,
And thou couldst seek for shelter here, amid
This awful solitude, in mountain caves!

Thou noble spirit! Oh when hearts like thine
Grow on this sacred soil, would it not be
In me, thy husband, double infamy,
And tenfold guilt, if I despaired of Spain?
In all her visitations, favouring Heaven
Hath left her still the unconquerable mind;
And thus being worthy of redemption, sure
Is she to be redeemed.

Beholding her
Through tears he spake, and prest upon her lips
A kiss of deepest love. Think ever thus,
She answered, and that faith will give the power
In which it trusts. When to this mountain hold
These children, thy dear images, I brought,
I said within myself, where should they fly
But to the bosom of their native hills?
I brought them here as to a sanctuary,
Where, for the temple's sake, the indwelling God
Would guard his supplicants. O my dear Lord,
Proud as I was to know that they were thine,
Was it a sin if I almost believed,
That Spain, her destiny being linked with theirs,
Would save the precious charge?

So let us think,
The chief replied, so feel and teach and act.
Spain is our common parent: let the sons
Be to the parent true, and in her strength
And Heaven, their sure deliverance they will find.

XVII.

O HOLIEST Mary, Maid and Mother! thou
In Covadonga, at thy rocky shrine,
Hast witnessed whatsoe'er of human bliss
Heart can conceive most perfect! Faithful love,
Long crost by envious stars, hath there attained
Its crown, in endless matrimony given;
The youthful mother there hath to the font
Her first-born borne, and there, with deeper sense
Of gratitude for that dear babe redeemed
From threatening death, returned to pay her vows.
But ne'er on nuptial, nor baptismal day,
Nor from their grateful pilgrimage discharged,
Did happier group their way down Deva's vale
Rejoicing hold, than this blest family,
O'er whom the mighty Spirit of the Land
Spread his protecting wings. The children, free

In youthhead's happy season from all cares
That might disturb the hour, yet capable
Of that intense and unalloyed delight
Which childhood feels when it enjoys again
The dear parental presence long deprived;
Nor were the parents now less blest than they,
Even to the height of human happiness;
For Gaudiosa and her Lord that hour
Let no misgiving thoughts intrude: she fixed
Her hopes on him, and his were fixed on Heaven;
And hope in that courageous heart derived
Such rooted strength and confidence assured
In righteousness, that 'twas to him like faith..
An everlasting sunshine of the soul,
Illumining and quickening all its powers.

But on Pionia's side meantime a heart
As generous, and as full of noble thoughts,
Lay stricken with the deadliest bolts of grief.
Upon a smooth grey stone sate Roderick there;
The wind above him stirred the hazel boughs,
And murmuring at his feet the river ran.
He sate with folded arms and head declined

Upon his breast, feeding on bitter thoughts,
Till nature gave him in the exhausted sense
Of woe a respite something like repose;
And then the quiet sound of gentle winds
And waters with their lulling consonance
Beguiled him of himself. Of all within
Oblivious there he sate, sentient alone
Of outward nature, . . of the whispering leaves
That soothed his ear, . . the genial breath of Heaven
That fanned his cheek, . . the stream's perpetual flow,
That, with its shadows and its glancing lights,
Dimples and thread-like motions infinite,
For ever varying and yet still the same,
Like time toward eternity, ran by.
Resting his head upon his master's knees,
Upon the bank beside him Theron lay.
What matters change of state and circumstance,
Or lapse of years, with all their dread events,
To him? What matters it that Roderick wears
The crown no longer, nor the sceptre wields? . .
It is the dear-loved hand, whose friendly touch
Had flattered him so oft: it is the voice,
At whose glad summons to the field so oft

From slumber he had started, shaking off
Dreams of the chace, to share the actual joy;
The eye, whose recognition he was wont
To watch and welcome with exultant tongue.

A coming step, unheard by Roderick, roused
His watchful ear, and turning he beheld
Siverian. Father, said the good old man,
As Theron rose and fawn'd about his knees,
Hast thou some charm, which draws about thee thus
The hearts of all our house, .. even to the beast
That lacks discourse of reason, but too oft,
With uncorrupted feeling and dumb faith,
Puts lordly man to shame? .. The king replied,
'Tis that mysterious sense by which mankind
To fix their friendships and their loves are led,
And which with fainter influence doth extend
To such poor things as this. As we put off
The cares and passions of this fretful world,
It may be too that we thus far approach
To elder nature, and regain in part
The privilege through sin in Eden lost.
The timid hare soon learns that she may trust

The solitary penitent, and birds
Will light upon the hermit's harmless hand.

Thus Roderick answered in excursive speech,
Thinking to draw the old man's mind from what
Might touch him else too nearly, and himself
Disposed to follow on the lure he threw,
As one whom such imaginations led
Out of the world of his own miseries.
But to regardless ears his words were given,
For on the dog Siverian gazed the while,
Pursuing his own thoughts. Thou hast not felt,
Exclaimed the old man, the earthquake and the storm;
The kingdom's overthrow, the wreck of Spain,
The ruin of thy royal master's house,
Have reached not thee!.. Then turning to the King,
When the destroying enemy drew nigh
Toledo, he continued, and we fled
Before their fury, even while her grief
Was fresh, my Mistress would not leave behind
This faithful creature. Well we knew she thought
Of Roderick then, although she named him not;
For never since the fatal certainty

Fell on us all, hath that unhappy name,
Save in her prayers, been known to pass her lips
Before this day. She names him now, and weeps:
But now her tears are tears of thankfulness,
For blessed hath thy coming been to her
And all who loved the King.
His faltering voice
Here failed him, and he paused: recovering soon,
When that poor injured Lady, he pursued,
Did in my presence to the Prince absolve
The unhappy King .....
Absolve him! Roderick cried,
And in that strong emotion turned his face
Sternly toward Siverian, for the sense
Of shame and self-reproach drove from his mind
All other thoughts. The good old man replied,
Of human judgements humanly I speak.
Who knows not what Pelayo's life hath been?
Not happier in all dear domestic ties,
Than worthy for his virtue of the bliss
Which is that virtue's fruit; and yet did he
Absolve, upon Florinda's tale, the King.
Siverian, thus he said, what most I hoped,

And still within my secret heart believed,
Is now made certain. Roderick hath been
More sinned against than sinning. And with that
He claspt his hands, and, lifting them to Heaven,
Cried, Would to God that he were yet alive!
For not more gladly did I draw my sword
Against Witiza in our common cause,
Than I would fight beneath his banners now,
And vindicate his name!
Did he say this?
The Prince? Pelayo? in astonishment
Roderick exclaimed...He said it, quoth the old man.
None better knew his kinsman's noble heart,
None loved him better, none bewailed him more:
And as he felt, like me, for his reproach
A deeper grief than for his death, even so
He cherished in his heart the constant thought
Something was yet untold, which, being known,
Would palliate his offence, and make the fall
Of one till then so excellently good,
Less monstrous, less revolting to belief,
More to be pitied, more to be forgiven.

While thus he spake, the fallen King felt his face
Burn, and his blood flow fast. Down, guilty thoughts!
Firmly he said within his soul; lie still,
Thou heart of flesh! I thought thou hadst been quelled,
And quelled thou shalt be! Help me, O my God,
That I may crucify this inward foe!
Yea, thou hast helped me, Father! I am strong,
O Saviour, in thy strength.
As he breathed thus
His inward supplications, the old man
Eyed him with frequent and unsteady looks.
He had a secret trembling on his lips,
And hesitated, still irresolute
In utterance to embody the dear hope:
Fain would he have it strengthened and assured
By this concording judgement, yet he feared
To have it chilled in cold accoil. At length
Venturing, he brake with interrupted speech
The troubled silence. Father Maccabee,
I cannot rest till I have laid my heart
Open before thee. When Pelayo wished
That his poor kinsman were alive to rear
His banner once again, a sudden thought . .

A hope . . a fancy . . what shall it be called ?
Possessed me, that perhaps the wish might see
Its glad accomplishment, . . that Roderick lived,
And might in glory take the field once more
For Spain . . . . I see thou startest at the thought !
Yet spurn it not with hasty unbelief,
As though 'twere utterly beyond the scope
Of possible contingency. I think
That I have calmly satisfied myself
How this is more than idle fancy, more
Than mere imaginations of a mind
Which from its wishes builds a baseless faith.
His horse, his royal robe, his hornëd helm,
His mail and sword were found upon the field ;
But if King Roderick had in battle fall'n,
That sword, I know, would only have been found
Clenched in the hand which, living, knew so well
To yield the dreadful steel ! Not in the throng
Confounded, nor amid the torpid stream,
Opening with ignominious arms a way
For flight, would he have perished ! Where the strife
Was hottest, ringed about with slaughtered foes,
Should Roderick have been found : by this sure mark

Ye should have known him, if nought else remained,
That his whole body had been gored with wounds,
And quilled with spears, as if the Moors had felt
That in his single life the victory lay,
More than in all the host!
Siverian's eyes
Shone with a youthful ardour while he spake,
His gathering brow grew stern, and as he raised
His arm, a warrior's impulse charactered
The impassioned gesture. But the King was calm
And heard him with unchanging countenance;
For he had taken his resolve, and felt
Once more the peace of God within his soul,
As in that hour when by his father's grave
He knelt before Pelayo.
Soon the old man
Pursued in calmer tones, . . Thus much I dare
Believe, that Roderick fell not on that day
When treason brought about his overthrow.
If yet he live, for sure I think I know
His noble mind, 'tis in some wilderness,
Where, in some savage den inhumed, he drags
The weary load of life, and on his flesh

As on a mortal enemy, inflicts
Fierce vengeance with immitigable hand.
O that I knew but where to bend my way
In his dear search! my voice perhaps might reach
His heart, might reconcile him to himself,
Restore him to his mother ere she dies,
His people and his country; with the sword,
Them and his own good name should he redeem.
O might I but behold him once again
Leading to battle these intrepid bands,
Such as he was, . . yea rising from his fall
More glorious, more beloved! Soon I believe
Joy would accomplish then what grief hath failed
To do with this old heart, and I should die
Clasping his knees with such intense delight,
That when I woke in Heaven, even Heaven itself
Could have no higher happiness in store.

Thus fervently he spake, and copious tears
Ran down his cheeks. Full oft the Royal Goth,
Since he came forth again among mankind,
Had trembled lest some curious eye should read
His lineaments too closely; now he longed

To fall upon the neck of that old man,
And give his full heart utterance. But the sense
Of duty, by the pride of self-controul
Corroborate, made him steadily repress
His yearning nature. Whether Roderick live,
Paying in penitence the bitter price
Of sin, he answered, or if earth hath given
Rest to his earthly part, is only known
To him and Heaven. Dead is he to the world;
And let not these imaginations rob
His soul of thy continual prayers, whose aid
Too surely, in whatever world, he needs.
The faithful love that mitigates his fault,
Heavenward addrest, may mitigate his doom.
Living or dead, old man, be sure his soul, . .
It were unworthy else, . . doth hold with thine
Entire communion! Doubt not he relies
Firmly on thee, as on a father's love,
Counts on thy offices, and joins with thee
In sympathy and fervent act of faith,
Though regions, or though worlds, should intervene.
Lost as he is, to Roderick this must be
Thy first, best, dearest duty; next must be

To hold right onward in that noble path,
Which he would counsel, could his voice be heard.
Now therefore aid me, while I call upon
The Leaders and the People, that this day
We may acclaim Pelayo for our King.

XVIII.

Now, when from Covadonga, down the vale
Holding his way, the princely mountaineer
Came with that happy family in sight
Of Cangas and his native towers, far off
He saw before the gate, in fair array,
The assembled land. Broad banners were displayed,
And spears were sparkling to the sun, shields shone,
And helmets glittered, and the blairing horn,
With frequent sally of impatient joy,
Provoked the echoes round. Well he areeds,
From yonder ensigns and augmented force,
That Odoar and the Primate from the west
Have brought their aid; but wherefore all were thus
Instructed, as for some great festival,
He found not, till Favila's quicker eye
Catching the ready buckler, the glad boy

Leapt up, and clapping his exultant hands,
Shouted, King! King! my father shall be King
This day! Pelayo started at the word,
And the first thought which smote him brought a sigh
For Roderick's fall; the second was of hope,
Deliverance for his country, for himself
Enduring fame, and glory for his line.
That high prophetic forethought gathered strength,
As looking to his honoured mate, he read
Her soul's accordant augury; her eyes
Brightened; the quickened action of the blood
Tinged with a deeper hue her glowing cheek,
And on her lips there sate a smile which spake
The honourable pride of perfect love,
Rejoicing, for her husband's sake, to share
The lot he chose, the perils he defied,
The lofty fortune which their faith foresaw.

Roderick, in front of all the assembled troops,
Held the broad buckler, following to the end
That steady purpose to the which his zeal
Had this day wrought the Chiefs. Tall as himself,
Erect it stood beside him, and his hands

Hung resting on the rim. This was an hour
That sweetened life, repaid and recompensed
All losses; and although it could not heal
All griefs, yet laid them for awhile to rest.
The active agitating joy that filled
The vale, that with contagious influence spread
Through all the exulting mountaineers, that gave
New ardour to all spirits, to all breasts
Inspired fresh impulse of excited hope,
Moved every tongue, and strengthened every limb,
That joy which every man reflected saw
From every face of all the multitude,
And heard in every voice, in every sound,
Reached not the King. Aloof from sympathy,
He from the solitude of his own soul
Beheld the busy scene. None shared or knew
His deep and incommunicable joy;
None but that Heavenly Father, who alone
Beholds the struggles of the heart, alone
Knows and rewards the secret sacrifice.

Among the chiefs conspicuous Urban stood,
He whom, with well-weighed choice, in arduous time,

To arduous office the consenting Church
Had called when Sindered fear-smitten fled;
Unfaithful shepherd, who for life alone
Solicitous, forsook his flock, when most
In peril and in suffering they required
A pastor's care. Far off at Rome he dwells
In ignominious safety, while the Church
Keeps in her annals the deserter's name;
But from the service which with daily zeal
Devout her ancient prelacy recalls,
Blots it, unworthy to partake her prayers.
Urban, to that high station thus being called,
From whence disanimating fear had driven
The former primate, for the general weal
Consulting first, removed with timely care
The relics and the written works of saints,
Toledo's choicest treasure, prized beyond
All wealth, their living and their dead remains;
These to the mountain fastnesses he bore
Of unsubdued Cantabria, there deposed,
One day to be the boast of yet unbuilt
Oviedo, and the dear idolatry
Of multitudes unborn. To things of state

Then giving thought mature, he held advice
With Odoar, whom of counsel competent
And firm of heart he knew. What then they planned,
Time and the course of over-ruled events
To earlier act had ripened, than their hope
Had ever in its gladdest dream proposed;
And here by agents unforeseen, and means
Beyond the scope of foresight brought about,
This day they saw their dearest heart's desire
Accorded them: All-able Providence
Thus having ordered all, that Spain this hour
With happiest omens, and on surest base,
Should from its ruins rear again her throne.

For acclamation and for sacring now
One form must serve, more solemn for the breach
Of old observances, whose absence here
Deeplier impressed the heart, than all display
Of regal pomp and wealth pontifical,
Of vestments radiant with their gems, and stiff
With ornature of gold; the glittering train,
The long procession, and the full-voiced choir.
This day the forms of piety and war,

In strange but fitting union must combine.
Not in his alb and cope and orary
Came Urban now, nor wore he mitre here,
Precious or auriphrygiate; bare of head
He stood, all else in arms complete, and o'er
His gorget's iron rings the pall was thrown
Of wool undyed, which on the Apostle's tomb
Gregory had laid, and sanctified with prayer;
That from the living Pontiff and the dead
Replete with holiness, it might impart
Doubly derived its grace. One Page beside
Bore his broad-shadowed helm; another's hand
Held the long spear, more suited in these times
For Urban, than the crosier richly wrought
With silver foliature, the elaborate work
Of Grecian or Italian artist, trained
In the eastern capital, or sacred Rome,
Still o'er the West predominant, though fallen.
Better the spear befits the shepherd's hand
When robbers break the fold. Now he had laid
The weapon by, and held a natural cross
Of rudest form, unpeeled, even as it grew
On the near oak that morn.

Mutilate alike
Of royal rites was this solemnity.
Where was the rubied crown, the sceptre where,
And where the golden pome, the proud array
Of ermines, aureate vests, and jewelry,
With all which Leuvigild for after kings
Left, ostentatious of his power? The Moor
Had made his spoil of these, and on the field
Of Xeres, where contending multitudes
Had trampled it beneath their bloody feet,
The standard of the Goths forgotten lay
Defiled, and rotting there in sun and rain.
Utterly is it lost; nor ever more
Herald or antiquary's patient search
Shall from forgetfulness avail to save
Those blazoned arms, so fatally of old
Renowned through all the affrighted Occident.
That banner, before which imperial Rome
First to a conqueror bowed her head abased;
Which when the dreadful Hun, with all his powers,
Came like a deluge rolling o'er the world,
Made head, and in the front of battle broke
His force, till then resistless; which so oft

Had with alternate fortune braved the Frank:
Driven the Byzantine from the farthest shores
Of Spain, long lingering there, to final flight;
And of their kingdoms and their name despoiled
The Vandal, and the Alan, and the Sueve;
Blotted from human records is it now
As it had never been. So let it rest
With Things forgotten! But Oblivion ne'er
Shall cancel from the historic roll, nor Time,
Who changeth all, obscure that fated sign,
Which brighter now than mountain snows at noon
To the bright sun displays its argent field.

Rose not the vision then upon thy soul,
O Roderick, when within that argent field
Thou saw'st the rampant Lion, red as if
Upon some noblest quarry he had rolled,
Rejoicing in his satiate rage, and drunk
With blood and fury? Did the auguries
Which opened on thy spirit bring with them
A perilous consolation, deadening heart
And soul, yet worse than death,..that thou through all
Thy checquered way of life, evil and good,

Thy errors and thy virtues, had'st but been
The poor mere instrument of things ordained, ..
Doing or suffering, impotent alike
To will or act, .. perpetually bemocked
With semblance of volition, yet in all
Blind worker of the ways of destiny!
That thought intolerable, which in the hour
Of woe indignant conscience had repelled,
As little might it find reception now,
When the regenerate spirit self-approved
Beheld its sacrifice complete. With faith
Elate, he saw the bannered Lion float
Refulgent, and recalled that thrilling shout
Which he had heard when on Romano's grave
The joy of victory woke him from his dream,
And sent him with prophetic hope to work
Fulfilment of the great events ordained,
There in imagination's inner world
Prefigured to his soul.

Alone, advanced
Before the ranks, the Goth in silence stood,
While from all voices round, loquacious joy
Mingled its buzz continuous with the blast

Of horn, shrill pipe, and tinkling cymbals' clash,
And sound of deafening drum. But when the Prince
Drew nigh, and Urban with the cross upheld
Stept forth to meet him, all at once were stilled
With instantaneous hush; as when the wind,
Before whose violent gusts the forest oaks,
Tossing like billows their tempestuous heads,
Roar like a raging sea, suspends its force,
And leaves so dead a calm that not a leaf
Moves on the silent spray. The passing air
Bore with it from the woodland undisturbed
The ringdove's wooing, and the quiet voice
Of waters warbling near.

Son of a race
Of Heroes and of Kings! the Primate thus
Addressed him, Thou in whom the Gothic blood,
Mingling with old Iberia's, has restored
To Spain a ruler of her native line,
Stand forth, and in the face of God and man
Swear to uphold the right, abate the wrong,
With equitable hand, protect the cross
Whereon thy lips this day shall seal their vow,
And underneath that hallowed symbol, wage

Holy and inextinguishable war
Against the accursëd nation that usurps
Thy country's sacred soil!
So speak of me
Now and for ever, O my countrymen!
Replied Pelayo; and so deal with me
Here and hereafter, thou, Almighty God,
In whom I put my trust!
Lord God of Hosts,
Urban pursued, of Angels and of Men
Creator and Disposer, King of Kings,
Ruler of Earth and Heaven, .. look down this day,
And multiply thy blessings on the head
Of this thy servant, chosen in thy sight!
Be thou his counsellor, his comforter,
His hope, his joy, his refuge, and his strength!
Crown him with justice, and with fortitude!
Defend him with thy all-sufficient shield!
Surround him every where with the right hand
Of thine all-present power! and with the might
Of thine omnipotence, send in his aid
Thy unseen angels forth, that potently
And royally against all enemies

He may endure and triumph! Bless the land
O'er which he is appointed; bless it with
The waters of the firmament, the springs
Of the low-lying deep, the fruits which sun
And moon mature for man, the precious stores
Of the eternal hills, and all the gifts
Of earth, its wealth and fulness!

Then he took
Pelayo's hand, and on his finger placed
The mystic circlet... With this ring, O Prince,
To our dear Spain, who like a widow now
Mourneth in desolation, I thee wed:
For weal or woe thou takest her, till death
Dispart the union: Be it blest to her,
To thee, and to thy seed!

Thus when he ceased,
He gave the awaited signal. Roderick brought
The buckler: Eight for strength and stature chosen
Came to their honoured office: Round the shield
Standing, they lower it for the Chieftain's feet,
Then, slowly raised upon their shoulders, lift
The steady weight. Erect Pelayo stands,
And thrice he brandishes the shining sword,

While Urban to the assembled people cries,
Spaniards, behold your King! The multitude
Then sent forth all their voice with glad acclaim,
Raising the loud *Real;* thrice did the word
Ring through the air, and echo from the walls
Of Cangas. Far and wide the thundering shout,
Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
Pealed o'er the hills, and up the mountain vales.
The wild ass starting in the forest glade
Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf
Skulked through the thicket to a closer brake;
The sluggish bear, awakened in his den,
Roused up and answered with a sullen growl,
Low-breathed and long; and, at the uproar scared,
The brooding eagle from her nest took wing.

Heroes and Chiefs of old! and ye who bore
Firm to the last your part in that dread strife,
When Julian and Witiza's viler race
Betrayed their country, hear ye from yon heaven
The joyful acclamation which proclaims
That Spain is born again! O ye who died
In that disastrous field, and ye who fell

Embracing with a martyr's love your death
Amid the flames of Auria; and all ye
Victims innumerable, whose cries unheard
On earth, but heard in heaven, from all the land
Went up for vengeance; not vain in ye cry
Before the eternal throne! .. Rest innocent blood!
Vengeance is due, and vengeance will be given!
Rest innocent blood! The appointed age is come!
The star that harbingers a glorious day
Hath risen! Lo there the avenger stands! Lo there
He brandishes the avenging sword! Lo there
The avenging banner spreads its argent field
Refulgent with auspicious light! .. Rejoice,
O Leon for thy banner is displayed,
Rejoice with all thy mountains, and thy vales
And streams! And thou, O Spain, through all thy realms,
For thy deliverance cometh! Even now,
As from all sides the miscreant hosts move on; ..
From southern Betis; from the western lands,
Where through redundant vales smooth Minho flows,
And Douro pours through vine-clad hills the wealth
Of Leon's gathered waters; from the plains

Burgensian, in old time Vardulia called,
But in their castellated strength ere long
To be designed Castille, a deathless name;
From midland regions where Toledo reigns
Proud city on her royal eminence,
And Tagus bends his sickle round the scene
Of Roderick's fall; from rich Rioja's fields;
Dark Ebro's shores; the walls of Salduba,
Seat of the Sedetanians old, by Rome
Cæsarian and August denominate.
Now Zaragoza, in his later time
Above all cities of the earth renowned
For duty perfectly performed;.. East, West
And South, where'er their gathered multitudes
Urged by the speed of vigorous tyranny,
With more than with commeasurable strength
Haste to prevent the danger, crush the hopes
Of rising Spain, and rivet round her neck
The eternal yoke,... the ravenous fowls of heaven
Flock there presentient of their food obscene,
Following the accursed armies, whom too well
They know their purveyors long. Pursue their march,
Ominous attendants! Ere the moon hath filled

Her horns, these purveyors shall become the prey,
And ye on Moorish not on Christian flesh
Wearying your beaks, shall clog your scaly feet
With foreign gore. Soon will ye learn to know,
Followers and harbingers of blood, the flag
Of Leon where it bids you to your feast!
Terror and flight shall with that flag go forth,
And Havoc and the Dogs of War and Death.
Thou Covadonga with the tainted stream
Of Deva, and this now rejoicing vale,
Soon its primitial triumphs wilt behold!
Nor shall the glories of the noon be less
Than such miraculous promise of the dawn:
Witness Calvijo, where the dreadful cry
Of Santiago, then first heard, o'erpowered
The Akbar, and that holier name blasphemed
By misbelieving lips! Simancas, thou
Be witness! And do ye your record bear,
Tolosan mountains, where the Almohade
Beheld his myriads scattered and destroyed,
Like locusts swept before the stormy North!
Thou too, Salado, on that later day

When Africa received her final foil,
And thy swoln stream incarnadined, rolled back
The invaders to the deep, .. there shall they toss
Till on their native Mauritanian shore
The waves shall cast their bones to whiten there.

XIX.

When all had been performed, the royal Goth
Looked up toward the chamber in the tower,
Where, gazing on the multitude below,
Alone Rusilla stood. He met her eye,
For it was singling him amid the crowd;
Obeying then the hand which beckoned him,
He went with heart prepared, nor shrinking now,
But arm'd with self-approving thoughts that hour.
Entering in tremulous haste, he closed the door,
And turned to clasp her knees; but lo, she spread
Her arms, and catching him in close embrace,
Fell on his neck, and cried, My Son, my Son!...
Ere long, controlling that first agony,
With effort of strong will, backward she bent,
And gazing on his head now shorn and grey,
And on his furrowed countenance, exclaimed,

Still, still, my Roderick! the same noble mind!
The same heroic heart! Still, still, my Son;...
Changed,..yet not wholly fall'n,..not wholly lost,
He cried,..not wholly in the sight of Heaven
Unworthy, O my Mother, nor in thine!
She locked her arms again around his neck,
Saying, Lord, let me now depart in peace!
And bowed her head again, and silently
Gave way to tears.

When that first force was past,
And passion in exhaustment found relief,..
I knew thee, said Rusilla, when the dog
Rose from my feet, and licked his master's hand.
All flashed upon me then; the instinctive sense
That goes unerringly where reason fails,..
The voice, the eye,..a mother's thoughts are quick;..
Miraculous as it seemed,..Siverian's tale,..
Florinda's,..every action,..every word,..
Each strengthening each, and all confirming all,
Revealed thee, O my Son! but I restrained
My heart, and yielded to thy holier will
The thoughts which rose to tempt a soul not yet
Weaned wholly from the world.

What thoughts? replied
Roderick. That I might see thee yet again
Such as thou wert, she answered; not alone
To Heaven and me restored, but to thyself,..
Thy Crown,.. thy Country,.. all within thy reach;
Heaven so disposing all things, that the means
Which wrought the ill, might work the remedy.
Methought I saw thee once again the hope,..
The strength,.. the pride of Spain! The miracle
Which I beheld made all things possible.
I know the inconstant people, how their mind,
With every breath of good or ill report,
Fluctuates, like summer corn before the breeze:
Quick in their hatred, quicker in their love,
Generous and hasty, soon would they redress
All wrongs of former obloquy... I thought
Of happiness restored,.. the broken heart
Healed,.. and Count Julian, for his daughter's sake,
Turning in thy behalf against the Moors
His powerful sword:.. all possibilities
That could be found or fancied, built a dream
Before me; such as easiest might illude
A lofty spirit trained in palaces,

And not alone amid the flatteries
Of youth with thoughts of high ambition fed
When all is sunshine, but through years of woe,
When sorrow sanctified their use, upheld
By honourable pride and earthly hopes.
I thought I yet might nurse upon my knee
Some young Theodofred, and see in him
Thy father's image and thine own renewed,
And love to think the little hand which there
Played with the bauble, should in after days
Wield the transmitted sceptre; .. that through him
The ancient seed should be perpetuate, ..
That precious seed revered so long, desired
So dearly, and so wonderously preserved.

Nay, he replied, Heaven hath not with its bolts
Scathed the proud summit of the tree, and left
The trunk unflawed; ne'er shall it clothe its boughs
Again, nor push again its scyons forth,
Head, root, and branch, all mortified alike! ..
Long ere these locks were shorn had I cut off
The thoughts of royalty! Time might renew
Their length, as for Manoah's captive son,

And I too on the miscreant race, like him,
Might prove my strength regenerate; but the hour,
When in its second best nativity,
My soul was born again through grace, this heart
Died to the world. Dreams such as thine pass now
Like evening clouds before me; if I think
How beautiful they seem, 'tis but to feel
How soon they fade, how fast the night shuts in.
But in that World to which my hopes look on,
Time enters not, nor Mutability;
Beauty and Goodness are unfading there;
Whatever there is given us to enjoy,
That we enjoy for ever, still the same...
Much might Count Julian's sword atchieve for Spain
And me, but more will his dear daughter's soul
Effect in Heaven; and soon will she be there
An Angel at the throne of Grace, to plead
In his behalf and mine.

I knew thy heart,
She answered, and subdued the vain desire.
It was the World's last effort. Thou hast chosen
The better part. Yea, Roderick, even on earth
There is a praise above the monarch's fame,

A higher, holier, more enduring praise,
And this will yet be thine!
O tempt me not,
Mother! he cried; nor let ambition take
That specious form to cheat us! What but this,
Fallen as I am, have I to offer Heaven?
The ancestral sceptre, public fame, content
Of private life, the general good report,
Power, reputation, happiness, .. whate'er
The heart of man desires to constitute
His earthly weal, .. unerring Justice claimed
In forfeiture. I with submitted soul
Bow to the righteous law and kiss the rod.
Only while thus submitted, suffering thus, ..
Only while offering up that name on earth,
Perhaps in trial offered to my choice,
Could I present myself before thy sight;
Thus only could endure myself, or fix
My thoughts upon that fearful pass, where Death
Stands in the Gate of Heaven! .. Time passes on,
The healing work of sorrow is complete;
All vain desires have long been weeded out,
All vain regrets subdued; the heart is dead,

The soul is ripe and eager for her birth.
Bless me, my Mother! and come when it will
The inevitable hour, we die in peace.

So saying, on her knees he bowed his head;
She raised her hands to Heaven and blest her child;
Then bending forward, as he rose, embraced
And clasped him to her heart, and cried, Once more
Theodofred, with pride behold thy son!

XX.

The times are big with tidings; every hour
From east and west and south the breathless scouts
Bring swift alarums in; the gathering foe,
Advancing from all quarters to one point,
Close their wide crescent. Nor was aid of fear
To magnify their numbers needed now:
They came in myriads. Africa had poured
Fresh shoals upon the coast of wretched Spain;
Lured from their hungry deserts to the scene
Of spoil, like vultures to the battle-field,
Fierce, unrelenting, habited in crimes,
Like bidden guests the mirthful ruffians flock
To that free feast which in their Prophet's name
Rapine and Lust proclaimed. Nor were the chiefs
Of victory less assured, by long success
Elate, and proud of that o'erwhelming strength,

Which, surely they believed, as it had rolled
Thus far unchecked, would roll victorious on,
Till, like the Orient, the subjected West
Should bow in reverence at Mahommed's name;
And pilgrims, from remotest Arctic shores,
Tread with religious feet the burning sands
Of Araby and Mecca's stony soil.
Proud of his part in Roderick's overthrow,
Their leader Abulcacem came, a man
Immitigable, long in war renowned.
Here Magued comes, who on the conquered walls
Of Cordoba, by treacherous fear betrayed,
Planted the moony standard: Ibrahim here,
He, who by Genil and in Darro's vales,
Had for the Moors the fairest portion won
Of all their spoils, fairest and best maintained,
And to the Alpuxarras given in trust
His other name, through them preserved in song.
Here too Alcahman, vaunting his late deeds
At Auria, all her children by the sword
Cut off, her bulwarks rased, her towers laid low,
Her dwellings by devouring flames consumed.
Bloody and hard of heart, he little weened,



Vain boastful chief! that from those fatal flames
The fire of retribution had gone forth
Which soon should wrap him round.

The renegades
Here too were seen, Ebba and Sisibert;
A spurious brood, but of their parent's crimes
True heirs in guilt begotten, and in ill
Trained up. The same unnatural rage that turned
Their swords against their country, made them seek,
Unmindful of their wretchëd mother's end,
Pelayo's life. No enmity is like
Domestic hatred! For his blood they thirst,
As if that sacrifice might satisfy
Witiza's guilty ghost, efface the shame
Of their adulterous birth, and, one crime more
Crowning a hideous course, emancipate
Thenceforth their spirits from all earthly fear.
This was their only care; but other thoughts
Were rankling in that elder villain's mind,
Their kinsman Orpas, he of all the crew,
Who in this fatal visitation fell,
The foulest and the falsest wretch that e'er
Renounced his baptism. From his cherished views

Of royalty cut off, he coveted
Count Julian's wide domains, and hopeless now
To gain them through the daughter, laid his toils
Against the father's life, .. the instrument
Of his ambition first, and now designed
Its victim. To this end with cautious hints,
At favouring season ventured, he possessed
The leader's mind; then, subtly fostering
The doubts himself had sown, with bolder charge
He bade him warily regard the Count,
Lest underneath an outward show of faith
The heart uncircumcised were Christian still:
Else wherefore had Florinda not obeyed
Her dear-loved sire's example, and embraced
The saving truth? Else, wherefore was her hand,
Plighted to him so long, so long withheld,
Till she had found a fitting hour to fly
With that audacious Prince, who now in arms,
Defied the Caliph's power; .. for who could doubt
That in his company she fled, perhaps
The mover of his flight? What if the Count
Himself had planned the evasion which he feigned
In sorrow to condemn? What if she went

A pledge assured, to tell the mountaineers
That when they met the Musslemen in the heat
Of fight, her father passing to their side
Would draw the victory with him?... Thus he breathed
Fiend-like in Abulcacem's ear his schemes
Of murderous malice; and the course of things,
Ere long, in part approving his discourse,
Aidëd his aim, and gave his wishes weight.
For scarce on the Asturian territory
Had they set foot, when, with the speed of fear,
Count Eudon, nothing doubting that their force
Would like a flood sweep all resistance down,
Hastened to plead his merits:.. he alone,
Found faithful in obedience through reproach
And danger, when the maddened multitude
Hurried their chiefs along, and high and low
With one infectious frenzy seized, provoked
The invincible in arms. Pelayo led
The raging crew,.. he doubtless the prime spring
Of all these perilous movements; and 'twas said
He brought the assurance of a strong support,
Count Julian's aid, for in his company
From Cordoba, Count Julian's daughter came.

Thus Eudon spake before the assembled chiefs,
When instantly a stern and wrathful voice
Replied, I know Pelayo never made
That senseless promise! He who raised the tale
Lies foully; but the bitterest enemy
That ever hunted for Pelayo's life
Hath never with the charge of falsehood touched
His name.
The Baron had not recognized
Till then, beneath the turban's shadowing folds,
Julian's swart visage, where the fiery suns
Of Africa, through many a year's long course,
Had set their hue inburnt. Something he sought
In quick excuse to say of common fame,
Lightly believed and busily diffused,
And that no enmity had moved his speech
Repeating rumour's tale. Julian replied,
Count Eudon, neither for thyself nor me
Excuse is needed here. The path I tread
Is one wherein there can be no return,
No pause, no looking back! A choice like mine
For time and for eternity is made,
Once and for ever! and as easily

The breath of vain report might build again
The throne which my just vengeance overthrew,
As in the Caliph and his captain's mind
Affect the opinion of my well-tried truth.
The tidings which thou givest me of my child
Touch me more vitally; bad though they be,
A secret apprehension of aught worse
Makes me with joy receive them.

Then the Count
To Abulcacem turned his speech, and said,
I pray thee, Chief, give me a messenger
By whom I may to this unhappy child
Dispatch a father's bidding, such as yet
May win her back. What I would say requires
No veil of privacy: before ye all
The errand shall be given.

Boldly he spake,
Yet wary in that show of open truth,
For well he knew what dangers girt him round
Amid the faithless race. Blind with revenge,
For them in madness had he sacrificed
His name, his baptism, and his native land,
To feel, still powerful as he was, that life

Hung on their jealous favour. But his heart
Approved him now, where love, too long restrained,
Resumed its healing influence, leading him
Right on with no misgiving. Chiefs, he said,
Hear me, and let your wisdom judge between
Me and Prince Orpas!... Known it is to all,
Too well, what mortal injury provoked
My spirit to that vengeance which your aid
So signally hath given. A covenant
We made when first our purpose we combined,
That he should have Florinda for his wife,
My only child, so should she be, I thought,
Revenged and honoured best. My word was given
Truly, nor did I cease to use all means
Of counsel or command, entreating her
Sometimes with tears, and oft with menaces
Of direst anger and a father's curse,
To lead her to obey. The Christian law,
She said, forbade, and she had vowed herself
A servant to the Lord. In vain I strove
To win her to the Prophet's saving faith,
Using, perhaps, a rigour to that end
Beyond permitted means, and to my heart,

Which loved her dearer than its own life-blood,
Abhorrent. Silently she suffered all,
Or when I urged her with most vehemence,
Only replied, I knew her fixed resolve,
And craved my patience but a little while
Till death should set her free. Touched as I was,
I yet persisted, till at length to escape
The ceaseless importunity, she fled:
And verily I feared until this hour,
My rigour to some fearfuller resolve
Than flight, had driven my child. Chiefs, I appeal
To each and all, and, Orpas, to thyself
Especially, if, having thus essayed
All means that law and nature have allowed
To bend her will, I may not rightfully
Hold myself free, that promise being void
Which cannot be fulfilled.

Thou sayest then,
Orpas replied, that from her false belief
Her stubborn opposition drew its force.
I should have thought that from the ways corrupt
Of these idolatrous Christians, little care
Might have sufficed to wean a duteous child,

The example of a parent so beloved
Leading the way; and yet I will not doubt
Thou didst enforce with all sincerity
And holy zeal upon thy daughter's mind
The truths of Islam.
Julian knit his brow,
And scowling on the insidious renegade,
He answered, By what reasoning my poor mind
Was from the old idolatry reclaimed,
None better knows than Seville's mitred chief,
Who first renouncing errors which he taught,
Led me his follower to the Prophet's pale.
Thy lessons I repeated as I could,
Of graven images, unnatural vows,
False records, fabling creeds, and juggling priests,
Who making sanctity the cloak of sin,
Laughed at the fools on whose credulity
They fattened. To these arguments, whose worth
Prince Orpas, least of all men, should impeach,
I addëd, like a soldier bred in arms,
And to the subtleties of schools unused,
The flagrant fact, that Heaven with victory,
Where'er they turned, attested and approved:

The chosen Prophet's arms. If thou wert still
The mitred metropolitan, and I
Some wretch of Arian or of Hebrew race,
Thy proper business then might be to pry,
And question me for lurking flaws of faith.
We Musslemen, Prince Orpas, live beneath
A wiser law, which with the iniquities
Of thine old craft, hath abrogated this
Its foulest practice!

As Count Julian ceased,
From underneath his black and gathered brow
There went a look, which with these wary words
Bore to the heart of that false renegade
Their whole envenomed meaning. Haughtily
Withdrawing then his altered eyes, he said,
Too much of this! return we to the sum
Of my discourse. Let Abulcacem say,
In whom the Caliph speaks, if with all faith
Having essayed in vain all means to win
My child's consent, I may not hold henceforth
The covenant discharged.

The Moor replied,
Well hast thou said, and rightly may'st assure

Thy daughter that the Prophet's holy law
Forbids compulsion. Give thine errand now
The messenger is here.

Then Julian said,

Go to Pelayo, and from him entreat
Admittance to my child, where'er she be.
Say to her, that her father solemnly
Annuls the covenant with Orpas pledged,
Nor with solicitations, nor with threats,
Will urge her more, nor from that liberty
Of faith restrain her, which the Prophet's law
Liberal as Heaven from whence it came, to all
Indulges. Tell her that her father says
His days are numbered, and beseeches her
By that dear love, which from her infancy
Still he hath borne her, growing as she grew,
Nursed in our weal and strengthened in our woe,
She will not in the evening of his life
Leave him forsaken and alone. Enough
Of sorrow, tell her, have her injuries
Brought on her father's head; let not her act
Thus aggravate the burden. Tell her too,
That when he prayed her to return, he wept

Profusely as a child; but bitterer tears
Than ever fell from childhood's eyes, were those
Which traced his hardy cheeks.
With faltering voice
He spake, and after he had ceased from speech
His lip was quivering still. The Moorish chief
Then to the messenger his bidding gave.
Say, cried he, to these rebel infidels,
Thus Abulcacem in the Caliph's name
Exhorteth them: Repent and be forgiven!
Nor think to stop the dreadful storm of war,
Which conquering and to conquer must fulfil
Its destined circle, rolling eastward now
Back from the subjugated west, to sweep
Thrones and dominions down, till in the bond
Of unity all nations join, and Earth
Acknowledge, as she sees one sun in heaven,
One God, one Chief, one Prophet, and one Law.
Jerusalem, the holy City, bows
To holier Mecca's creed: the crescent shines
Triumphant o'er the eternal pyramids:
On the cold altars of the worshippers
Of fire, moss grows, and reptiles leave their slime;

The African idolatries are fallen,
And Europe's senseless gods of stone and wood
Have had their day. Tell these misguided men,
A moment for repentance yet is left,
And mercy the submitted neck will spare
Before the sword is drawn: but once unsheathed,
Let Auria witness how that dreadful sword
Accomplishes its work! They little know
The Moors who hope in battle to withstand
Their valour, or in flight escape their rage!
Amid our deserts we hunt down the birds
Of heaven,..wings do not save them! Nor shall rocks,
And holds, and fastnesses, avail to save
These mountaineers. Is not the Earth the Lord's?
And we, his chosen people, whom he sends
To conquer and possess it in his name?

XXI.

THE second eve had closed upon their march
Within the Asturian border, and the Moors
Had pitched their tents amid an open wood
Upon the mountain side. As day grew dim,
Their scattered fires shone with distincter light
Among the trees, above whose top the smoke
Diffused itself, and stained the evening sky.
Ere long the stir of occupation ceased,
And all the murmur of the busy host
Subsiding died away, as through the camp
The crier from a knoll proclaimed the hour
For prayer appointed, and with sonorous voice,
Thrice in melodious modulation full,
Pronounced the highest name. There is no God
But God, he cried; there is no God but God!
Mahommed is the Prophet of the Lord!

Come ye to prayer! to prayer! The Lord is great!
There is no God but God!.. Thus he pronounced
His ritual form, mingling with holiest truth
The audacious name accurst. The multitude
Made their ablutions in the mountain stream
Obedient, then their faces to the earth
Bent in formality of easy prayer.

An arrow's flight above that mountain stream
There was a little glade, where underneath
A long smooth mossy stone a fountain rose.
An oak grew near, and with its ample boughs
O'ercanopied the spring; its fretted roots
Embossed the bank, and on their tufted bark
Grew plants which love the moisture and the shade.
Short ferns, and longer leaves of wrinkled green
Which bent toward the spring, and when the wind
Made itself felt, just touched with gentle dip
The glassy surface, ruffled ne'er but then,
Save when a bubble rising from the depth
Burst, and with faintest circles marked its place,
Or if an insect skimmed it with its wing,
Or when in heavier drops the gathered rain

Fell from the oak's high bower. The mountain roe,
When, having drank there, he would bound across,
Drew up upon the bank his meeting feet,
And put forth half his force. With silent lapse
From thence through mossy banks the water stole,
Then murmuring hastened to the glen below.
Diana might have loved in that sweet spot
To take her noontide rest! and when she stoopt
Hot from the chase to drink, well pleased had seen
Her own bright crescent, and the brighter face
It crowned, reflectëd there.

Beside that spring
Count Julian's tent was pitched upon the green;
There his ablutions Moor-like he had made,
And Moor-like knelt in prayer, bowing his head
Upon the mossy bank. There was a sound
Of voices at the tent when he arose,
And lo! with hurried step a wŏman came
Toward him; rightly then his heart presaged,
And ere he could behold her countenance,
Florinda knelt, and with uplifted arms
Embraced her sire. He raised her from the ground,
Kissed her, and claspt her to his heart, and said,

Thou hast not then forsaken me, my child;
Howe'er the inexorable will of Fate
May in the world which is to come divide
Our everlasting destinies, in this
Thou wilt not, O my child, abandon me!
And then with deep and interrupted voice,
Nor seeking to restrain his copious tears,
My blessing be upon thy head, he cried,
A father's blessing! Though all faiths were false,
It should not lose its worth!... She locked her hands
Around his neck, and gazing in his face
Through streaming tears, exclaimed, Oh never more,
Here or hereafter, never let us part!
And breathing then a prayer in silence forth,
The name of Jesus trembled on her tongue.

Whom hast thou there? cried Julian, and drew back,
Seeing that near them stood a meagre man
In humble garb, who rested with raised hands
On a long staff, bending his head, like one
Who, when he hears the distant vesper-bell,
Halts by the way, and, all unseen of men,
Offers his homage in the eye of Heaven.

She answered, Let not my dear father frown
In anger on his child! Thy messenger
Told me that I should be restrained no more
From liberty of faith, which the new law
Indulged to all: how soon my hour might come
I knew not, and although that hour will bring
Few terrors, yet methinks I would not be
Without a Christian comforter in death.

A Priest! exclaimed the Count, and drawing back,
Stoopt for his turban, that he might not lack
Some outward symbol of apostacy;
For still in war his wonted arms he wore,
Nor for the scymitar had changed the sword
Accustomed to his hand. He covered now
His short grey hair, and under the white folds
His swarthy brow, which gathered as he rose,
Darkened. Oh frown not thus! Florinda cried,
A kind and gentle counsellor is this,
One who pours balm into a wounded soul,
And mitigates the griefs he cannot heal.
I told him I had vowed to pass my days
A servant of the Lord, yet that my heart,

Hearing the message of thy love, was drawn
With powerful yearnings back. Follow thy heart,
It answers to the call of duty here,
He said, nor canst thou better serve the Lord
Than at thy father's side.
Count Julian's brow,
While thus she spake, insensibly relaxed.
A Priest, cried he, and thus with even hand
Weigh vows and natural duty in the scale?
In what old heresy hath he been trained?
Or in what wilderness hath he escaped
The domineering Prelate's fire and sword?
Come hither, man, and tell me who thou art!

A sinner, Roderick, drawing nigh, replied;
Brought to repentance by the grace of God,
And trusting for forgiveness through the blood
Of Christ in humble hope.
A smile of scorn
Julian assumed, but merely from the lips
It came; for he was troubled while he gazed
On the strong countenance and thoughtful eye
Before him. A new law hath been proclaimed,

Said he, which overthrows in its career
The Christian altars of idolatry.
What think'st thou of the Prophet? .. Roderick
Made answer, I am in the Moorish camp,
And he who asketh is a Mussleman.
How then should I reply? .. Safely, rejoined
The renegade, and freely may'st thou speak
To all that Julian asks. Is not the yoke
Of Mecca easy, and its burthen light? ...
Spain hath not found it so, the Goth replied,
And groaning, turned away his countenance.

Count Julian knit his brow, and stood awhile
Regarding him with meditative eye
In silence. Thou art honest too! he cried;
Why 'twas in quest of such a man as this
That the old Grecian searched by lanthorn light
In open day the city's crowded streets,
So rare he deemed the virtue. Honesty
And sense of natural duty in a Priest!
Now for a miracle, ye Saints of Spain!
I shall not pry too closely for the wires,

For, seeing what I see, ye have me now
In the believing mood!
O blessed Saints,
Florinda cried, 'tis from the bitterness,
Not from the hardness of the heart, he speaks!
Hear him! and in your goodness give the scoff
The virtue of a prayer! So saying, she raised
Her hands in fervent action clasp't to Heaven:
Then as, still clasp't, they fell, toward her sire
She turned her eyes, beholding him through tears.
The look, the gesture, and that silent woe,
Softened her father's heart, which in this hour
Was open to the influences of love.
Priest, thy vocation were a blessed one,
Said Julian, if its mighty power were used
To lessen human misery, not to swell
The mournful sum, already all-too-great.
If, as thy former counsel should imply,
Thou art not one who would for his craft's sake
Fret with corrosives and inflame the wound,
Which the poor sufferer brings to thee in trust,
That thou with virtuous balm wilt bind it up,

If, as I think, thou art not one of those
Whose villainy makes honest men turn Moors,
Thou then wilt answer with unbiassed mind
What I shall ask thee, and exorcise thus
The sick and feverish conscience of my child,
From inbred phantoms, fiend-like, which possess
Her innocent spirit. Children we are all
Of one great Father, in whatever clime
Nature or chance hath cast the seeds of life,
All tongues, all colours: neither after death
Shall we be sorted into languages
And tints,..white, black, and tawny, Greek and Goth,
Northmen and offspring of hot Africa;
The All-Father, he in whom we live and move,
He the indifferent Judge of all, regards
Nations, and hues, and dialects alike.
According to their works shall they be judged,
When even-handed Justice in the scale
Their good and evil weighs. All creeds, I ween,
Agree in this, and hold it orthodox.

Roderick, perceiving here that Julian paused.
As if he waited for acknowledgement

Of that plain truth, in motion of assent
Inclined his brow complacently, and said,
Even so. What follows? . . This, resumed the Count,
That creeds like colours being but accident,
Are therefore in the scale imponderable; . .
Thou seest my meaning; . . that from every faith
As every clime, there is a way to Heaven,
And thou and I may meet in Paradise.

Oh grant it, God! cried Roderick fervently,
And smote his breast. Oh grant it, gracious God!
Through the dear blood of Jesus, grant that he
And I may meet before the Mercy-throne!
That were a triumph of Redeeming Love,
For which admiring Angels would renew
Their halleluiahs through the choir of Heaven!

Man! quoth Count Julian, wherefore art thou moved
To this strange passion? I require of thee
Thy judgement, not thy prayers!
Be not displeased!
In gentle voice subdued the Goth replies;
A prayer, from whatsoever lips it flow,

By thy own rule should find the way to Heaven,
So that the heart in its sincerity
Straight forward breathe it forth. I, like thyself,
Am all untrained to subtleties of speech,
Nor competent of this great argument
Thou openest; and perhaps shall answer thee
Wide of the words, but to the purport home.
There are to whom the light of gospel truth
Hath never reached; of such I needs must deem
As of the sons of men who had their day
Before the light was given. But, Count, for those
Who, born amid the light, to darkness turn,
Wilful in error,... I dare only say,
God doth not leave the unhappy soul without
An inward monitor, and till the grave
Open, the gate of mercy is not closed.

Priest-like! the renegade replied, and shook
His head in scorn. What is not in the craft
Is error, and for error there shall be
No mercy found in him whom yet ye name
The merciful!

Now God forbid, rejoined
The fallen King, that one who stands in need
Of mercy for his sins should argue thus
Of error! Thou hast said that thou and I,
Thou dying in name a Musselman, and I
A servant of the Cross, may meet in Heaven.
Time was when in our fathers' ways we walked
Regardlessly alike; faith being to each, . .
For so far thou hast reasoned rightly, .. like
Our country's fashion and our mother-tongue,
Of mere inheritance, . . no thing of choice
In judgement fixed, nor rooted in the heart.
Me have the arrows of calamity
Sore stricken; sinking underneath the weight
Of sorrow, yet more heavily opprest
Beneath the burthen of my sins, I turned
In that dread hour to Him who from the Cross
Calls to the heavy-laden. There I found
Relief and comfort; there I have my hope,
My strength and my salvation; there, the grave
Ready beneath my feet, and Heaven in view,
I to the King of Terrors say, Come, Death, ..
Come quickly! Thou too wert a stricken deer,

Julian, .. God pardon the unhappy hand
That wounded thee! .. but whither didst thou go
For healing? Thou hast turned away from Him,
Who saith, Forgive as ye would be forgiven;
And that the Moorish sword might do thy work,
Received the creed of Mecca: with what fruit
For Spain, let tell her cities sacked, her sons
Slaughtered, her daughters than thine own dear child
More foully wronged, more wretched! For thyself,
Thou hast had thy fill of vengeance, and perhaps
The cup was sweet: but it hath left behind
A bitter relish! Gladly would thy soul
Forget the past; as little canst thou bear
To send into futurity thy thoughts:
And for this Now, what is it, Count, but fear ..
However bravely thou may'st bear thy front, ..
Danger, remorse, and stinging obloquy?
One only hope, one only remedy,
One only refuge yet remains. . . . My life
Is at thy mercy, Count! Call, if thou wilt,
Thy men, and to the Moors deliver me!
Or strike thyself! Death were from any hand
A welcome gift; from thine, and in this cause

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A boon indeed! My latest words on earth
Should tell thee that all sins may be effaced,
Bid thee repent, have faith, and be forgiven!
Strike, Julian, if thou wilt, and send my soul
To intercede for thine, that we may meet,
Thou and thy child and I, beyond the grave.

Thus Roderick spake, and spread his arms as if
He offered to the sword his willing breast,
With looks of passionate persuasion fixed
Upon the Count: who in his first access
Of anger, seemed as though he would have called
His guards to seize the Priest. The attitude
Disarmed him, and that fervent zeal sincere,
And more than both, the look and voice, which like
A mystery troubled him. Florinda too
Hung on his arm with both her hands, and cried,
O father, wrong him not! he speaks from God!
Life and Salvation are upon his tongue!
Judge thou the value of that faith whereby,
Reflecting on the past, I murmur not,
And to the end of all look on with joy
Of hope assured!

Peace, innocent! replied
The Count, and from her hold withdrew his arm.
Then, with a gathered brow of mournfulness
Rather than wrath, regarding Roderick, said,
Thou preachest that all sins may be effaced:
Is there forgiveness, Christian, in thy creed
For Roderick's crime?.. For Roderick and for thee,
Count Julian, said the Goth, and as he spake
Trembled through every fibre of his frame,
The gate of Heaven is open. Julian threw
His wrathful hand aloft, and cried, Away!
Earth could not hold us both, nor can one Heaven
Contain my deadliest enemy and me!

My father, say not thus! Florinda cried;
I have forgiven him! I have prayed for him!
For him, for thee, and for myself I pour
One constant prayer to Heaven! In passion then
She knelt, and bending back, with arms and face
Raised toward the sky, the supplicant exclaimed,
Redeemer, heal his heart! It is the grief
Which festers there that hath bewildered him!
Save him, Redeemer! by thy precious death

Save, save him, O my God! Then on her face
She fell, and thus with bitterness pursued
In silent throes her agonizing prayer.

Afflict not thus thyself, my child, the Count
Exclaimed; O dearest, be thou comforted;
Set but thy heart at rest, I ask no more!
Peace dearest, peace!.. and weeping as he spake,
He knelt to raise her. Roderick also knelt;
Be comforted, he cried, and rest in faith
That God will hear thy prayers! they must be heard.
He who could doubt the worth of prayers like thine
May doubt of all things! Sainted as thou art
In sufferings here, this miracle will be
Thy work and thy reward!
Then raising her,
They seated her upon the fountain's brink,
And there beside her sate. The moon had risen,
And that fair spring lay blackened half in shade,
Half like a burnished mirror in her light.
By that reflected light Count Julian saw
That Roderick's face was bathed with tears, and pale
As monumental marble. Friend, said he,

Whether thy faith be fabulous, or sent
Indeed from Heaven, its dearest gift to man,
Thy heart is true: and had the mitred Priest
Of Seville been like thee, or hadst thou held
The place he filled;... but this is idle talk,...
Things are as they will be; and we, poor slaves,
Fret in the harness as we may, must drag
The car of Destiny where'er she drives,
Inexorable and blind!

Oh wretched man!
Cried Roderick, if thou seekëst to assuage
Thy wounded spirit with that deadly drug,
Hell's subtlest venom; look to thine own heart,
Where thou hast Will and Conscience to belie
This juggling sophistry, and lead thee yet
Through penitence to heaven!

Whate'er it be
That governs us, in mournful tone the Count
Replied, Fate, Providence, or Allah's will,
Or reckless fortune, still the effect the same,
A World of evil and of misery!
Look where we will we meet it; wheresoe'er
We go we bear it with us. Here we sit

Upon the margin of this peaceful spring,
And oh what volumes of calamity
Would be unfolded here, if either heart
Laid open its sad records! Tell me not
Of goodness! Either in some freak of power
This frame of things was fashioned, then cast off
To take its own wild course, the sport of chance
Or the Bad Spirit o'er the Good prevails,
And in the eternal conflict hath arisen
Lord of the ascendant!
Rightly would'st thou say
Were there no world but this! the Goth replied.
The happiest child of earth that e'er was marked
To be the minion of prosperity,
Richest in corporal gifts and wealth of mind,
Honour and fame attending him abroad,
Peace and all dear domestic joys at home,
And sunshine till the evening of his days
Closed in without a cloud,.. even such a man
Would from the gloom and horror of his heart
Confirm thy fatal thought, were this world all!
Oh who could bear the haunting mystery,
If death and retribution did not solve

The riddle, and to heavenliest harmony
Reduce the seeming chaos! ... Here we see
The water at its well-head; clear it is,
Not more transpicuous the invisible air;
Pure as an infant's thoughts; and here to life
And good directed all its uses serve.
The herb grows greener on its brink; sweet flowers
Bend o'er the stream that feeds their freshened roots;
The red-breast loves it for its wintry haunts;
And when the buds begin to open forth,
Builds near it with his mate their brooding nest;
The thirsty stag with widening nostrils there
Invigorated draws his copious draught;
And there amid its flags the wild-boar stands,
Nor suffering wrong nor meditating hurt.
Through woodlands wild and solitary fields
Unsullied thus it holds its bounteous course;
But when it reaches the resorts of men,
The service of the city there defiles
The tainted stream; corrupt and foul it flows
Through loathsome banks and o'er a bed impure,
Till in the sea, the appointed end to which
Through all its way it hastens, 'tis received,

And, losing all pollution, mingles there
In the wide world of waters. So is it
With the great stream of things, if all were seen;
Good the beginning, good the end shall be,
And transitory evil only make
The good end happier. Ages pass away,
Thrones fall, and nations disappear, and worlds
Grow old and go to wreck; the soul alone
Endures, and what she chuseth for herself,
The arbiter of her own destiny,
That only shall be permanent.
But guilt,
And all our suffering? said the Count. The Goth
Replied, Repentance taketh sin away,
Death remedies the rest.... Soothed by the strain
Of such discourse, Julian was silent then,
And sate contemplating. Florinda too
Was calmed: If sore experience may be thought
To teach the uses of adversity,
She said, alas! who better learned than I
In that sad school! Methinks if ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye there!

Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon! I watched it as it came,
And deemed the deep opake would blot her beams;
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own,
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene.

Thus having said, the pious sufferer sate,
Beholding with fixed eyes that lovely orb,
Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light
The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil
Of spirit, as by travail of the day
Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.
The silver cloud diffusing slowly past,
And now into its airy elements
Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth
Alone in heaven the glorious moon pursues
Her course appointed, with indifferent beams
Shining upon the silent hills around,
And the dark tents of that unholy host,
Who, all unconscious of impending fate,

Take their last slumber there. The camp is still;
The fires have mouldered, and the breeze which stirs
The soft and snowy embers, just lays bare
At times a red and evanescent light,
Or for a moment wakes a feeble flame.
They by the fountain hear the stream below,
Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or fell
Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.
And now the nightingale, not distant far,
Began her solitary song; and poured
To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seemed with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
Their hearts were open to the healing power
Of nature; and the splendour of the night,
The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay
Came to them like a copious evening dew
Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for rain.

XXII.

Thus they beside the fountain sate, of food
And rest forgetful, when a messenger
Summoned Count Julian to the Leader's tent.
In council there at that late hour he found
The assembled Chiefs, on sudden tidings called
Of unexpected weight from Cordoba.
Jealous that Abdalazis had assumed
A regal state, affecting in his court
The forms of Gothic sovereignty, the Moors,
Whom artful spirits of ambitious mould
Stirred up, had risen against him in revolt:
And he who late had in the Caliph's name
Ruled from the Ocean to the Pyrenees,
A mutilate and headless carcase now,
From pitying hands received beside the road
A hasty grave scarce hidden there from dogs

And ravens, nor from wintry rains secure.
She, too, who in the wreck of Spain preserved
Her queenly rank, the wife of Roderick first,
Of Abdalazis after, and to both
Alike unhappy, shared the ruin now
Her counsels had brought on; for she had led
The infatuate Moor, in dangerous vauntery,
To these aspiring forms, . . so should he gain
Respect and honour from the Musselmen,
She said, and that the obedience of the Goths
Followed the sceptre. In an evil hour
She gave the counsel, and in evil hour
He lent a willing ear; the popular rage
Fell on them both; and they to whom her name
Had been a mark for mockery and reproach,
Shuddered with human horror at her fate.
Ayub was heading the wild anarchy;
But where the cement of authority
Is wanting, all things there are dislocate:
The mutinous soldiery, by every cry
Of rumour set in wild career, were driven
By every gust of passion, setting up
One hour, what in the impulse of the next,

Equally unreasoning, they destroyed: thus all
Was in misrule where uproar gave the law,
And ere from far Damascus they could learn
The Caliph's pleasure, many a moon must pass.
What should be done? should Abulcacem march
To Cordoba, and in the Caliph's name
Assume the power which to his rank in arms
Rightly devolved, restoring thus the reign
Of order? or pursue with quickened speed
The end of this great armament, and crush
Rebellion first, then to domestic ills
Apply his undivided mind and force
Victorious? What in this emergency
Was Julian's counsel, Abulcacem asked,
Should they accomplish soon their enterprize?
Or would the insurgent infidels prolong
The contest, seeking by protracted war
To weary them, and trusting in the strength
Of these wild hills?
Julian replied, The Chief
Of this revolt is wary, resolute,
Of approved worth in war: a desperate part
He for himself deliberately hath chosen,

Confiding in the hereditary love
Borne to him by these hardy mountaineers,
A love which his own noble qualities
Have strengthened so that every heart is his.
When ye can bring them to the open proof
Of battle, ye will find them in his cause
Lavish of life; but well they know the strength
Of their own fastnesses, the mountain paths
Impervious to pursuit, the vantages
Of rock, and pass, and woodland, and ravine;
And hardly will ye tempt them to forego
These natural aids wherein they put their trust
As in their stubborn spirit, each alike
Deemed by themselves invincible, and so
By Roman found and Goth, . . beneath whose sway
Slowly persuaded rather than subdued
They came, and still through every change retained
Their manners obstinate and barbarous speech.
My counsel, therefore, is, that we secure
With strong increase of force the adjacent posts,
And chiefly Gegio, leaving them so manned
As may abate the hope of enterprize
Their strength being told. Time in a strife like this

Becomes the ally of those who trust in him:
Make then with Time your covenant. Old feuds
May disunite the chiefs: some may be gained
By fair entreaty, others by the stroke
Of nature, or of policy, cut off.
This was the counsel which in Cordoba
I offered Abdalazis: in ill hour
Rejecting it, he sent upon this war
His father's faithful friend! Dark are the ways
Of Destiny! had I been at his side
Old Muza would not now have mourned his age
Left childless, nor had Ayub dared defy
The Caliph's represented power. The case
Calls for thy instant presence, with the weight
Of thy legitimate authority.

Julian, said Orpas, turning from beneath
His turban to the Count a crafty eye,
Thy daughter is returned; doth she not bring
Some tidings of the movements of the foe?
The Count replied, When child and parent meet
First reconciled from discontents which wrung
The hearts of both, ill should their converse be

Of warlike matters! There hath been no time
For such enquiries, neither should I think
To ask her touching that for which I know
She hath neither eye nor thought.
There was a time,
Orpas with smile malignant thus replied,
When in the progress of the Caliph's arms
Count Julian's daughter had an interest
Which touched her nearly! But her turn is served,
And hatred of Prince Orpas may beget
Indifference to the cause. Yet Destiny
Still guideth to the service of the faith
The wayward heart of woman; for as one
Delivered Roderick to the avenging sword,
So hath another at this hour betrayed
Pelayo to his fall. His sister came
At nightfall to my tent, a fugitive.
She tells me that on learning our approach,
The rebel to a cavern in the hills
Had sent his wife and children, and with them
Those of his followers, thinking there concealed
They might be safe. She, moved by injuries
Which stung her spirit, on the way escaped,

And for revenge will guide us. In reward
She asks her brother's forfeiture of lands
In marriage with Numacian: something too
Touching his life, that for her services
It might be spared, she said:.. an after-thought
To salve decorum, and if conscience wake
Serve as a sop: but when the sword shall smite
Pelayo and his dangerous race, I ween
That a thin kerchief will dry all the tears
The Lady Guisla sheds!
'Tis the old taint!
Said Julian mournfully: from her mother's womb
She brought the inbred wickedness which now
In ripe infection blossoms. Woman, woman,
Still to the Goths art thou the instrument
Of overthrow; thy virtue and thy vice
Fatal alike to them!
Say rather, cried
The insidious renegade, that Allah thus
By woman punisheth the idolatry
Of those who raise a woman to the rank
Of godhead, calling on their Mary's name
With senseless prayers. In vain shall they invoke

Her trusted succour now! like silly birds
By fear betrayed, they fly into the toils!
And this Pelayo, who in lengthened war,
Baffling our force, has thought perhaps to reign
Prince of the Mountains, when we hold his wife
And offspring at our mercy, must himself
Come to the lure.

Enough, the Leader cried:
This unexpected work of favouring Fate
Opens an easy way to our desires,
And renders farther counsel needless now.
Great is the Prophet whose protecting power
Goes with the faithful forth! the rebel's days
Are numbered; Allah hath delivered them
Into our hands!

So saying he arose;
The Chiefs withdrew: Orpas alone remained
Obedient to his indicated will.
The event, said Abulcacem, hath approved
Thy judgment in all points; his daughter comes
At the first summons even as thou saidst;
Her errand with the insurgents done, she brings
Their well-concerted project back, a safe

An unexpected messenger; . . the Moor, . .
The shallow Moor, . . must see and not perceive;
Must hear and understand not; yea must bear,
Poor easy fool, to serve their after mirth,
A part in his own undoing! But just Heaven
With this unlooked-for incident hath marred
Their complots, and the sword shall cut their web
Of treason.

Well, the renegade replied,
Thou knowest Count Julian's spirit, quick in wiles,
In act audacious. Baffled now, he thinks
Either by instant warning to apprize
The rebels of their danger, or preserve
The hostages when fallen into our power,
Till secret craft contrive, or open force
Win their enlargement. Haply too he dreams
Of Cordoba, the avenger and the friend
Of Abdalazis, in that cause to arm
Moor against Moor, preparing for himself
The victory o'er the enfeebled conquerors.
Success in treason hath emboldened him,
And power but serves him for fresh treachery, false
To Roderick first, and to the Caliph now.

The guilt, said Abulcacem, is confirmed,
The sentence past; all that is now required
Is to strike sure and safely. He hath with him
A veteran force devoted to his will,
Whom to provoke were perilous; nor less
Of peril lies there in delay: what course
Between these equal dangers should we steer?

They have been trained beneath him in the wars
Of Africa, the renegade replied;
Men are they who, from their youth up, have found
Their occupation and their joy in arms;
Indifferent to the cause for which they fight,
But faithful to their leader, who hath won
By licence largely given, yet tempered still
With exercise of firm authority,
Their whole devotion. Vainly should we seek
By proof of Julian's guilt to pacify
Such martial spirits, unto whom all creeds
And countries are alike; but take away
Their head, and forthwith their fidelity
Goes at the market price. The act must be
Sudden and secret; poison is too slow.

Thus it may best be done; the Mountaineers,
Doubtless, ere long will rouse us with some spur
Of sudden enterprise: at such a time
A trusty minister approaching him
May smite him, so that all shall think the spear
Comes from the hostile troops.
Right counsellor!
Cried Abulcacem, thou shalt have his lands,
The proper meed of thy fidelity:
His daughter thou mayest take or leave. Go now
And find a faithful instrument to put
Our purpose in effect!... And when 'tis done,
The Moor, as Orpas from the tent withdrew,
Muttering pursued, .. look for a like reward
Thyself! that restless head of wickedness
In the grave will brood no treasons. Other babes
Scream when the Devil, as they spring to life,
Infects them with his touch; but thou didst stretch
Thy arms to meet him, and like mother's milk
Suck the congenial evil! Thou hast tried
Both laws, and, were there aught to gain, would prove
A third as readily; but when thy sins
Are weighed, 'twill be against an empty scale,
And neither Prophet will avail thee then!

XXIII.

THE camp is stirring, and ere day hath dawned
The tents are struck. Early they rise whom hope
Awakens, and they travel fast with whom
She goes companion of the way. By noon
Hath Abulcacem in his speed attained
The vale of Cangas. Well the trusty scouts
Observe his march, and fleet as mountain roes,
From post to post with instantaneous speed
The warning bear: none else is nigh; the vale
Hath been deserted, and Pelayo's hall
Is open to the foe, who on the tower
Hoist their white signal-flag. In Sella's stream
The misbelieving multitude perform,
With hot and hasty hand, their noontide rite,
Then hurryingly repeat the Impostor's prayer.
Here they divide; the Chieftain halts with half

The host, retaining Julian and his men,
Whom where the valley widened he disposed,
Liable to first attack, that so the deed
Of murder planned with Orpas might be done.
The other force the Moor Alcahman led,
Whom Guisla guided up Pionia's stream
Eastward to Soto. Ibrahim went with him,
Proud of Granada's snowy heights subdued,
And boasting of his skill in mountain war;
Yet sure he deemed an easier victory
Awaited him this day. Little, quoth he,
Weens the vain Mountaineer who puts his trust
In dens and rocky fastnesses, how close
Destruction is at hand! Belike he thinks
The Humma's happy wings have shadowed him,
And therefore Fate with royalty must crown
His chosen head! Pity the scymitar
With its rude edge so soon should interrupt
The pleasant dream!
There can be no escape
For those who in the cave seek shelter, cried
Alcahman; yield they must, or from their holes
Like bees we smoke them out. The Chief perhaps

May reign awhile King of the wolves and bears,
Till his own subjects hunt him down, or kites
And crows divide what hunger may have left
Upon his ghastly limbs. Happier for him
That destiny should this day to our hands
Deliver him; short would be his sufferings then;
And we right joyfully should in one hour
Behold our work accomplished, and his race
Extinct.

Thus these in mockery and in thoughts
Of bloody triumph, to the future blind,
Indulged the scornful vein; nor deemed that they
Whom to the sword's unsparing edge they doomed,
Even then in joyful expectation prayed
To Heaven for their approach, and, at their post
Prepared, were trembling with excess of hope.
Here in these mountain straits the Mountaineer
Had felt his country's strength insuperable;
Here he had prayed to see the Musselman
With all his myriads; therefore had he looked
To Covadonga as a sanctuary
Apt for concealment, easy of defence;
And Guisla's flight, though to his heart it sent

A pang more poignant for their mother's sake,
Yet did it further in its consequence
His hope and project, surer than decoy
Well-laid, or best-concerted stratagem.
That sullen and revengeful mind, he knew,
Would follow to the extremity of guilt
Its long fore-purposed shame: the toils were laid,
And she who by the Musselmen full sure
Thought on her kindred her revenge to wreak,
Led the Moors in.

Count Pedro and his son
Were hovering with the main Asturian force
In the wider vale to watch occasion there,
And with hot onset when the alarm began
Pursue the vantage. In the fated straits
Of Deva had the King disposed the rest:
Amid the hanging woods, and on the cliffs,
A long mile's length on either side its bed,
They lay. The lever and the axe and saw
Had skilfully been plied; and trees and stones,
A dread artillery, ranged on crag and shelf
And steep descent, were ready at the word
Precipitate to roll resistless down.

The faithful maiden not more wistfully
Looks for the day that brings her lover home; . .
Scarce more impatiently the horse endures
The rein, when loud and shrill the hunter's horn
Rings in his joyous ears, then at their post
The Mountaineers await their certain prey.
Yet mindful of their Prince's order, oft
And solemnly enforced, with eagerness
Subdued by minds well-mastered, they expect
The appointed signal.
Hand must not be raised,
Foot stirred, nor voice be uttered, said the Chief,
Till the word pass: impatience would mar all.
God hath delivered over to your hands
His enemies and ours, so we but use
The occasion wisely. Not till the word pass
From man to man transmitted, "In the name
"Of God, for Spain and Vengeance," let a hand
Be lifted; on obedience all depends.
Their march below with noise of horse and foot,
And haply with the clang of instruments,
Might drown all other signal; this is sure,
But wait it calmly; it will not be given

Till the whole line hath entered in the toils.
Comrades, be patient, so shall none escape
Who once set foot within these straits of death.
Thus had Pelayo on the Mountaineers
With frequent and impressive charge enforced
The needful exhortation. This alone
He doubted, that the Musselmen might see
The perils of the vale, and warily
Forbear to enter. But they thought to find,
As Guisla told, the main Asturian force
Seeking concealment there, no other aid
Soliciting from these their native hills;
And that the babes and women having fallen
In thraldom, they would lay their weapons down,
And supplicate forgiveness for their sake.
Nor did the Moors perceive in what a strait
They entered; for the morn had risen o'ercast,
And when the Sun had reached the height of heaven,
Dimly his pale and beamless orb was seen
Moving through mist. A soft and gentle rain,
Scarce heavier than the summer's evening dew,
Descended, .. through so still an atmosphere,
That every leaf upon the moveless trees

Was studded o'er with rain-drops, bright and full,
None falling till from its own weight o'erswoln
The motion came.
Low on the mountain side
The fleecy vapour hung, and in its veil
With all their dreadful preparations wrapt
The Mountaineers: ... in breathless hope they lay,
Some blessing God in silence for the power
This day vouchsafed; others with fervency
Of prayer and vow invoked the Mother-Maid,
Beseeching her that in this favouring hour
She would be strongly with them. From below
Meantime distinct they heard the passing tramp
Of horse and foot, continuous as the sound
Of Deva's stream, and barbarous tongues commixt
With laughter, and with frequent shouts, .. for all
Exultant came, expecting sure success;
Blind wretches, over whom the ruin hung!

They say, quoth one, that though the Prophet's soul
Doth with the black-eyed Houris bathe in bliss,
Life hath not left his body, which bears up
By its miraculous power the holy tomb,

And holds it at Medina in the air
Buoyant between the temple's floor and roof:
And there the Angels fly to him with news
From East, West, North, and South, of what befalls
His faithful people. If when he shall hear
The tale of this day's work, he should for joy
Forget that he is dead, and walk abroad,
It were as good a miracle as when
He sliced the moon! Sir Angel hear me now,
Whoe'er thou be'st who art about to speed
From Spain to Araby! when thou hast got
The prophet's ear, be sure thou tellëst him
How bravely Ghauleb did his part to-day,
And with what special reverence he alone
Desired thee to commend him to his grace!
Fie on thee, scoffer that thou art! replied
His comrade; thou wilt never leave these gibes
Till some commissioned arrow through the teeth
Shall nail the offending tongue. Hast thou not heard
How when our clay is leavened first with life,
The ministering Angel brings it from that spot
Whereon 'tis written in the eternal book
That soul and body must their parting take,

And earth to earth return? How knowëst thou
But that the spirit who compounded thee,
To distant Syria from this very vale
Bore thy component dust, and Azrael here
Awaits thee at this hour? .. Little thought he
Who spake, that in that valley at that hour
One death awaited both!
Thus they pursued
Toward the cave their inauspicious way.
Weak childhood there and ineffective age
In the chambers of the rock were placed secure;
But of the women, all whom with the babes
Maternal care detained not, were aloft
To aid in the destruction; by the side
Of fathers, brethren, husbands, stationed there
They watch and pray. Pelayo in the cave
With the venerable primate took his post.
Ranged on the rising cliffs on either hand,
Vigilant sentinels with eye intent
Observe his movements, when to take the word
And pass it forward. He in arms complete
Stands in the portal: a stern majesty
Reigned in his countenance severe that hour,

And in his eye a deep and dreadful joy
Shone, as advancing up the vale he saw
The Moorish banners. God hath blinded them!
He cried; the measure of their crimes is full!
O Vale of Deva, famous shalt thou be
From this day forth for ever; and to these
Thy springs shall unborn generations come
In pilgrimage, and hallow with their prayers
The cradle of their native monarchy!

There was a stirring in the air, the sun
Prevailed, and gradually the brightening mist
Began to rise and melt. A jutting crag
Upon the right projected o'er the stream,
Not farther from the cave than a strong hand
Expert, with deadly aim, might cast the spear,
Or a strong voice, pitched to full compass, make
Its clear articulation heard distinct.
A venturous dalesman, once ascending there
To rob the eagle's nest, had fallen, and hung
Among the heather, wonderously preserved:
Therefore had he with pious gratitude
Placed on that overhanging brow a Cross,
Tall as the mast of some light fisher's skiff,

And from the vale conspicuous. As the Moors
Advanced, the Chieftain in the van was seen
Known by his arms, and from the crag a voice
Pronounced his name,....Alcahman, hoa! look up,
Alcahman! As the floating mist drew up,
It had divided there, and opened round
The Cross; part clinging to the rock beneath,
Hovering and waving part in fleecy folds,
A canopy of silver light condensed
To shape and substance. In the midst there stood
A female form, one hand upon the Cross,
The other raised in menacing act: below
Loose flowed her raiment, but her breast was armed,
And helmeted her head. The Moor turned pale,
For on the walls of Auria he had seen
That well-known figure, and had well believed
She rested with the dead. What, hoa! she cried,
Alcahman! In the name of all who fell
At Auria in the massacre, this hour
I summon thee before the throne of God
To answer for the innocent blood! This hour,
Moor, Miscreant, Murderer, Child of Hell, this hour
I summon thee to judgment!... In the name
Of God! for Spain and Vengeance!

Thus she closed
Her speech; for taking from the Primate's hand
That oaken cross which at the sacring rites
Had served for crosier, at the cavern's mouth
Pelayo lifted it and gave the word.
From voice to voice on either side it past
With rapid repetition,.. In the name
Of God! for Spain and Vengeance! and forthwith
On either side along the whole defile
The Asturians shouting in the name of God,
Set the whole ruin loose! huge trunks and stones,
And loosened crags, down down they rolled with rush
And bound, and thundering force. Such was the fall
As when some city by the labouring earth
Heaved from its strong foundations is cast down,
And all its dwellings, towers, and palaces
In one wide desolation prostrated.
From end to end of that long strait, the crash
Was heard continuous, and commixt with sounds
More dreadful, shrieks of horror and despair,
And death,.. the wild and agonizing cry
Of that whole host in one destruction whelmed.
Vain was all valour there, all martial skill;

The valiant arm is helpless now; the feet
Swift in the race avail not now to save;
They perish, all their thousands perish there, . .
Horsemen and infantry they perish all, . .
The outward armour and the bones within
Broken and bruised and crushed. Echo prolonged
The long uproar: a silence then ensued,
Through which the sound of Deva's stream was heard,
A lonely voice of waters, wild and sweet;
The lingering groan, the faintly-uttered prayer,
The louder curses of despairing death,
Ascended not so high. Down from the cave
Pelayo hastes, the Asturians hasten down,
Fierce and immitigable down they speed
On all sides, and along the vale of blood
The avenging sword did mercy's work that hour.

XXIV.

Thou hast been busy, Death, this day, and yet
But half thy work is done! The Gates of Hell
Are thronged, yet twice ten thousand spirits more,
Who from their warm and healthful tenements
Fear no divorce, must ere the sun go down
Enter the world of woe! the Gate of Heaven
Is open too, and Angels round the throne
Of Mercy on their golden harps this day
Shall sing the triumphs of Redeeming Love.

There was a Church at Cangas dedicate
To that Apostle unto whom his Lord
Had given the keys; a humble edifice,
Whose rude and time-worn structure suited well
That vale among the mountains. Its low roof
With stone plants and with moss was overgrown,

Short fern, and richer weeds which from the eaves
Hung their long tresses down. White lichens clothed
The sides, save where the ivy spread, which bowered
The porch, and clustering round the pointed wall,
Wherein two bells, each open to the wind,
Hung side by side, threaded with hairy shoots
The double nich; and climbing to the cross,
Wreathed it and half concealed its sacred form
With bushy tufts luxuriant. Here in the font, . .
Borne thither with rejoicings and with prayers
Of all the happy land who saw in him
The lineage of their ancient Chiefs renewed, . .
The Prince had been immersed: and here within
An oaken galilee, now black with age,
His old Iberian ancestors were laid.

Two stately oaks stood near, in the full growth
Of many a century. They had flourished there
Before the Gothic sword was felt in Spain,
And when the ancient sceptre of the Goths
Was broken, there they flourished still. Their boughs
Mingled on high, and stretching wide around,
Formed a deep shade, beneath which canopy

Upon the ground Count Julian's board was spread,
For to his daughter he had left his tent
Pitched for her use hard by. He at the board
Sate with his trusted Captains, Gunderick,
Felix and Miro, Theudered and Paul,
Basil and Cottila, and Virimar,
Men through all fortunes faithful to their Lord,
And to that old and tried fidelity,
By personal love and honour held in ties
Strong as religious bonds. As there they sate,
In the distant vale a rising dust was seen,
And frequent flash of steel,.. the flying fight
Of men who, by a fiery foe pursued,
Put forth their coursers at full speed, to reach
The aid in which they trust. Up sprung the Chiefs,
And hastily taking helm and shield, and spear,
Sped to their post.

Amid the chesnut groves.
On Sella's side, Alphonso had in charge
To watch the foe; a prowling band came nigh,
Whom with the ardour of impetuous youth
He charged and followed them in close pursuit:
Quick succours joined them; and the strife grew hot,

Ere Pedro hastening to bring off his son,
Or Julian and his Captains, .. bent alike
That hour to abstain from combat, (for by this
Full sure they deemed Alcahman had secured
The easy means of certain victory,) ..
Could reach the spot. Both thus in their intent
According, somewhat had they now allayed
The fury of the fight, though still spears flew,
And strokes of sword and mace were interchanged,
When passing through the troop a Moor came up
On errand from the Chief, to Julian sent;
A fatal errand fatally performed
For Julian, for the Chief, and for himself,
And all that host of Musselmen he brought;
For while with well-dissembled words he lured
The warrior's ear, the dexterous ruffian marked
The favouring moment and unguarded place,
And plunged a javelin in his side. The Count,
Fell, but in falling called to Cottila,
Treachery! the Moor! the Moor!.. He too on whom
He called had seen the blow from whence it came,
And seized the murderer. Miscreant! he exclaimed,
Who set thee on? The Musselman, who saw

His secret purpose baffled, undismayed,
Replies, What I have done is authorized;
To punish treachery and prevent worse
Orpas and Abulcacem sent me here;
The service of the Caliph and the Faith
Required the blow.
The Prophet and the Fiend
Reward thee then! cried Cottila; meantime
Take thou from me thy proper earthly meed;
Villain!.. and lifting, as he spake, the sword,
He smote him on the neck: the trenchant blade
Through vein and artery past and yielding bone;
And on the shoulder, as the assassin dropt,
His head half-severed fell. The curse of God
Fall on the Caliph and the Faith and thee!
Stamping for anguish, Cottila pursued;
African dogs; thus is it ye requite
Our services?.. But dearly shall ye pay
For this day's work!.. O Fellow-soldiers, here,
Stretching his hands toward the host, he cried,
Behold your noble leader basely slain!
He who for twenty years hath led us forth
To war, and brought us home with victory,

Here he lies foully murdered, . . by the Moors, . .
Those whom he trusted, whom he served so well!
Our turn is next! but neither will we wait
Idly, nor tamely fall!
Amid the grief,
Tumult, and rage, of those who gathered round,
When Julian could be heard, I have yet life,
He said, for vengeance. Virimar, speed thou
To yonder Mountaineers, and tell their Chiefs
That Julian's veteran army joins this day
Pelayo's standard! The command devolves
On Gunderick. Fellow-soldiers, who so well
Redressed the wrongs of your old General,
Ye will not let his death go unrevenged! . .
Tears then were seen on many an iron cheek,
And groans were heard from many a resolute heart,
And vows with imprecations mixt went forth,
And curses checked by sobs. Bear me apart,
Said Julian, with a faint and painful voice,
And let me see my daughter ere I die.

Scarce had he spoken when the pitying throng
Divide before her. Eagerly she came;

A deep and fearful lustre in her eye,
A look of settled woe, .. pale, deadly pale,
Yet to no lamentations giving way,
Nor tears nor groans; .. within her breaking heart
She bore the grief, and kneeling solemnly
Beside him, raised her awful hands to heaven,
And cried, Lord God! be with him in this hour; ..
Two things have I to think of, O my child,
Vengeance and thee; said Julian. For the first
I have provided: what remains of life
As best may comfort thee may so be best
Employed; let me be borne within the church,
And thou, with that good man who follows thee,
Attend me there.

Thus when Florinda heard
Her father speak, a gleam of heavenly joy
Shone through the anguish of her countenance.
O gracious God, she cried, my prayers are heard;
Now let me die! .. They raised him from the earth;
He, knitting as they lifted him his brow,
Drew in through open lips and teeth firm-closed
His painful breath, and on the lance laid hand,
Lest its long shaft should shake the mortal wound.

Gently his men with slow and steady step
Their suffering burthen bore, and in the Church
Before the altar laid him down, his head
Upon Florinda's knees.... Now, friends, said he,
Farewell. I ever hoped to meet my death
Among ye, like a soldier,..but not thus!
Go join the Asturians; and in after years,
When of your old commander ye shall talk,
How well he loved his followers, what he was
In battle, and how basely he was slain,
Let not the tale its fit completion lack,
But say how bravely was his death revenged.
Vengeance! in that good word doth Julian make
His testament; your faithful swords must give
The will its full performance. Leave me now,
I have done with worldly things. Comrades, farewell,
And love my memory!
They with copious tears
Of burning anger, grief exasperating
Their rage, and fury giving force to grief,
Hastened to form their ranks against the Moors
Julian meantime toward the altar turned
His languid eyes: That Image, is it not

St. Peter, he enquired, he who denied
His Lord and was forgiven?.. Roderick rejoined,
It is the Apostle; and may that same Lord,
O Julian, to thy soul's salvation bless
The seasonable thought!
The dying Count
Then fixed upon the Goth his earnest eyes.
No time, said he, is this for bravery,
As little for dissemblance. I would fain
Die in the faith wherein my fathers died,
Whereto they pledged me in mine infancy...
A soldier's habits, he pursued, have steeled
My spirit, and perhaps I do not fear
This passage as I ought. But if to feel
That I have sinned, and from my soul renounce
The Impostor's faith, which never in that soul
Obtained a place,.. if at the Saviour's feet,
Laden with guilt, to cast myself and cry,
Lord, I believe! help thou my unbelief!..
If this in the sincerity of death
Sufficeth,.. father, let me from thy lips
Receive the assurances with which the Church
Doth bless the dying Christian.

Roderick raised
His eyes to Heaven, and crossing on his breast
His open palms, Mysterious are thy ways
And merciful, O gracious Lord! he cried,
Who to this end hast thus been pleased to lead
My wandering steps! O Father, this thy son
Hath sinned and gone astray: but hast not Thou
Said, When the sinner from his evil ways
Turneth, that he shall save his soul alive,
And Angels at the sight rejoice in Heaven?
Therefore do I, in thy most holy name,
Into thy family receive again
Him who was lost, and in that name absolve
The Penitent.... So saying, on the head
Of Julian solemnly he laid his hands.
Then to the altar tremblingly he turned,
And took the bread, and breaking it, pursued,
Julian! receive from me the Bread of Life!
In silence reverently the Count partook
The reconciling rite, and to his lips
Roderick then held the consecrated cup.

Me too! exclaimed Florinda, who till then
Had listened speechlessly: Thou Man of God,

I also must partake! The Lord hath heard
My prayers! one sacrament,.. one hour,.. one grave,..
One resurrection!
That dread office done,
Count Julian with amazement saw the Priest
Kneel down before him. By the sacrament
Which we have here partaken, Roderick cried,
In this most awful moment; by that hope,..
That holy faith which comforts thee in death,
Grant thy forgiveness, Julian, ere thou diest!
Behold the man who most hath injured thee!
Roderick, the wretched Goth, the guilty cause
Of all thy guilt,.. the unworthy instrument
Of thy redemption,.. kneels before thee here,
And prays to be forgiven!
Roderick! exclaimed
The dying Count,.. Roderick!.. and from the floor
With violent effort half he raised himself;
The spear hung heavy in his side, and pain
And weakness overcame him, that he fell
Back on his daughter's lap. O Death, cried he,
Passing his hand across his cold damp brow,..
Thou tamëst the strong limb, and conquerëst

The stubborn heart! But yesterday I said
One Heaven could not contain mine enemy
And me; and now I lift my dying voice
To say, Forgive me, Lord, as I forgive
Him who hath done the wrong! .. He closed his eyes
A moment; then with sudden impulse cried, ..
Roderick, thy wife is dead, .. the Church hath power
To free thee from thy vows, .. the broken heart
Might yet be healed, the wrong redressed, the throne
Rebuilt by that same hand which pulled it down,
And these curst Africans ... Oh for a month
Of that waste life which millions misbestow! ..
His voice was passionate, and in his eye
With glowing animation while he spake
The vehement spirit shone: its effort soon
Was past, and painfully with feeble breath
In slow and difficult utterance he pursued, ..
Vain hope, if all the evil was ordained,
And this wide wreck the will and work of Heaven,
We but the poor occasion! Death will make
All clear, and joining us in better worlds,
Complete our union there! Do for me now
One friendly office more: ... draw forth the spear,

And free me from this pain!... Receive his soul,
Saviour! exclaimed the Goth, as he performed
The fatal service. Julian cried, O friend!..
True friend!..and gave to him his dying hand.
Then said he to Florinda, I go first,
Thou followest!..kiss me, child!..and now good
night!

When from her father's body she arose,
Her cheek was flushed, and in her eyes there beamed
A wilder brightness. On the Goth she gazed
While underneath the emotions of that hour
Exhausted life gave way. O God! she said,
Lifting her hands, thou hast restored me all,..
All..in one hour!..and round his neck she threw
Her arms and cried, My Roderick! mine in Heaven!
Groaning, he clasped her close, and in that act
And agony her happy spirit fled.

XXV

Eight thousand men had to Asturias marched
Beneath Count Julian's banner; the remains
Of that brave army which in Africa
So well against the Musselman made head,
Till sense of injuries insupportable,
And raging thirst of vengeance, overthrew
Their leader's noble spirit. To revenge
His quarrel, twice that number left their bones,
Slain in unnatural battle, on the field
Of Xeres, where the sceptre from the Goths
By righteous Heaven was reft. Others had fallen
Consumed in sieges, alway by the Moor
To the front of war opposed. The policy,
With whatsoever show of honour cloaked,
Was gross, and this surviving band had oft,
At their carousals of the flagrant wrong,

Held such discourse as stirs the mounting blood,
The common danger with one discontent
Affecting chiefs and men. Nor had the bonds
Of rooted discipline and faith attached,
Thus long restrained them, had they not known well
That Julian in their just resentment shared,
And fixed their hopes on him. Slight impulse now
Sufficed to make these fiery martialists
Break forth in open fury; and though first
Count Pedro listened with suspicious ear
To Julian's dying errand, deeming it
Some new decoy of treason, .. when he found
A second legate followed Virimar,
And then a third, and saw the turbulence
Of the camp, and how against the Moors in haste
They formed their lines, he knew that Providence
This hour had for his country interposed,
And in such faith advanced to use the aid
Thus wonderously ordained. The eager Chiefs
Hasten to greet him, Cottila and Paul,
Basil and Miro, Theudered, Gunderick,
Felix, and all who held authority;
The zealous services of their brave host

They proffered, and besought him instantly
To lead against the African their force
Combined, and in good hour assail a foe
Divided, not for such attack prepared.

While thus they communed, Roderick from the church
Came forth, and seeing Pedro, bent his way
Toward them. Sirs, said he, the Count is dead:
He died a Christian, reconciled to Heaven,
In faith; and when his daughter had received
His dying breath, her spirit too took flight.
One sacrament, one death, united them;
And I beseech ye, ye who from the work
Of blood which lies before us may return, . .
If, as I think, it should not be my fate . .
That in one grave with Christian ceremonies
Ye lay them side by side. In Heaven I ween
They are met through mercy: . . ill befall the man
Who should in death divide them! . . . Then he turned
His speech to Pedro in an under voice;
The King, said he, I know with noble mind
Will judge of the departed; Christian-like
He died, and with a manly penitence:

They who condemn him most should call to mind
How grievous was the wrong which maddened him;
Be that remembered in his history,
And let no shame be offered his remains.

As Pedro would have answered, a loud cry
Of menacing imprecation from the troops
Arose; for Orpas, by the Moorish Chief
Sent to allay the storm his villainy
Had stirred, came hastening on a milk-white steed,
And at safe distance having checked the rein,
Beckoned for parley. 'Twas Orelio
On which he rode, Roderick's own battle-horse,
Who from his master's hand had wont to feed,
And with a glad docility obey
His voice familiar. At the sight the Goth
Started, and indignation to his soul
Brought back the thoughts and feelings of old time.
Suffer me, Count, he cried, to answer him,
And hold these back the while! Thus having said,
He waited no reply, but as he was,
Bareheaded, in his weeds, and all unarmed,
Advanced toward the renegade. Sir Priest,

Quoth Orpas as he came, I hold no talk
With thee; my errand is with Gunderick
And the Captains of the host, to whom I bring
Such liberal offers and clear proof...
The Goth,
Breaking with scornful voice his speech, exclaimed,
What, could no steed but Roderick's serve thy turn?
I should have thought some sleek and sober mule
Long trained in shackles to procession pace,
More suited to my lord of Seville's use
Than this good war-horse,..he who never bore
A villain, until Orpas crost his back!...
Wretch! cried the astonished renegade, and stoopt,
Foaming with anger, from the saddle-bow
To reach his weapon. Ere the hasty hand
Trembling in passion could perform its will,
Roderick had seized the reins. How now, he cried,
Orelio! old companion,..my good horse,..
Off with this recreant burthen!...And with that
He raised his hand, and reared and backed the steed,
To that remembered voice and arm of power
Obedient. Down the helpless traitor fell
Violently thrown, and Roderick over him

Thrice led with just and unrelenting hand
The trampling hoofs. Go join Witiza now,
Where he lies howling, the avenger cried,
And tell him Roderick sent thee!
At that sight,
Count Julian's soldiers and the Asturian host
Set up a shout, a joyful shout, which rung
Wide through the welkin. Their exulting cry
With louder acclamation was renewed,
When from the expiring miscreant's neck they saw
That Roderick took the shield, and round his own
Hung it, and vaulted in the seat. My horse!
My noble horse! he cried, with flattering hand
Patting his high-arched neck! the renegade,
I thank him for't, hath kept thee daintily!
Orelio, thou art in thy beauty still,
Thy pride and strength! Orelio, my good horse,
Once more thou bearest to the field thy Lord,
He who so oft hath fed and cherished thee,
He for whose sake, wherever thou wert seen,
Thou wert by all men honoured. Once again
Thou hast thy proper master! Do thy part
As thou wert wont; and bear him gloriously,

My beautiful Orelio, .. to the last ...
The happiest of his fields! ... Then he drew forth
The scymitar, and waving it aloft,
Rode toward the troops; its unaccustomed shape
Disliked him; Renegade in all things! cried
The Goth, and cast it from him; to the Chiefs
Then said, If I have done ye service here,
Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish sword!
The trustiest blade that e'er in Bilbilis
Was dipt, would not to-day be misbestowed
On this right hand!.. Go some one, Gunderick cried,
And bring Count Julian's sword. Whoe'er thou art,
The worth which thou hast shown avenging him
Entitles thee to wear it. But thou goest
For battle unequipped;.. haste there and strip
Yon villain of his armour!

Late he spake,
So fast the Moors came on. It matters not,
Replied the Goth; there's many a mountaineer,
Who in no better armour cased this day
Than his wonted leathern gipion, will be found
In the hottest battle, yet bring off untouched
The unguarded life he ventures ... Taking then

Count Julian's sword, he fitted round his wrist
The chain, and eyeing the elaborate steel
With stern regard of joy, The African
Under unhappy stars was born, he cried,
Who tastes thy edge!.. Make ready for the charge!
They come..they come!..On, brethren, to the field!..
The word is Vengeance!
Vengeance was the word;
From man to man, and rank to rank it past,
By every heart enforced, by every voice
Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.
The enemy in shriller sounds returned
Their Akbar and the Prophet's trusted name.
The horsemen lowered their spears, the infantry
Deliberately with slow and steady step
Advanc'd; the bow-strings twang'd, and arrows hissed,
And javelins hurtled by. Anon the hosts
Met in the shock of battle, horse and man
Conflicting: shield struck shield, and sword and mace
And curtle-axe on helm and buckler rung;
Armour was riven, and wounds were interchanged,
And many a spirit from its mortal hold
Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the Chiefs

Of Julian's army in that hour support
Their old esteem; and well Count Pedro there
Enhanced his former praise; and by his side,
Rejoicing like a bridegroom in the strife,
Alphonso through the host of infidels
Bore on his bloody lance dismay and death.
But there was worst confusion and uproar,
There widest slaughter and dismay, where, proud
Of his recovered Lord, Orelio plunged
Through thickest ranks, trampling beneath his feet
The living and the dead. Where'er he turns
The Moors divide and fly. What man is this,
Appalled they say, who to the front of war
Bareheaded offers thus his naked life?
Replete with power he is, and terrible,
Like some destroying Angel! Sure his lips
Have drank of Kaf's dark fountain, and he comes
Strong in his immortality! Fly! fly!
They said, this is no human foe!.. Nor less
Of wonder filled the Spaniards when they saw
How flight and terror went before his way,
And slaughter in his path. Behold, cries one,
With what command and knightly ease he sits

The intrepid steed, and deals from side to side
His dreadful blows! Not Roderick in his power
Bestrode with such command and majesty
That noble war-horse. His loose robe this day
Is death's black banner, shaking from its folds
Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mold
Is he who in that garb of peace affronts
Whole hosts, and sees them scatter where he turns!
Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and some Saint
Revisits earth!

Aye, cries another, Heaven
Hath ever with especial bounty blest
Above all ōther lands its favoured Spain;
Chusing her children forth from all mankind
For its peculiar people, as of yore
Abraham's ungrateful race beneath the Law.
Who knows not how on that most holy night
When Peace on Earth by Angels was proclaimed,
The light which o'er the fields of Bethlehem shone,
Irradiated whole Spain? not just displayed,
As to the Shepherds, and again withdrawn;
All the long winter hours from eve till morn
Her forests and her mountains and her plains,

Her hills and vallies were embathed in light,
A light which came not from the sun or moon
Or stars, by secondary powers dispensed,
But from the fountain-springs, the Light of Light
Effluent. And wherefore should we not believe
That this may be some Saint or Angel, charged
To lead us to miraculous victory?
Hath not the Virgin Mother oftentimes
Descending, clothed in glory, sanctified
With feet adorable our happy soil? . . .
Marked ye not, said another, how he cast
In wrath the unhallowed scymitar away,
And called for Christian weapon? Oh be sure
This is the aid of Heaven! On, comrades, on!
A miracle to-day is wrought for Spain!
Victory and Vengeance! Hew the miscreants down,
And spare not! hew them down in sacrifice!
God is with us! his Saints are in the field!
Victory! miraculous Victory!
Thus they
Inflamed with wild belief the keen desire
Of vengeance on their enemies abhorred.
The Moorish chief, meantime, o'erlooked the fight

From an eminence, and cursed the renegade
Whose counsels sorting to such ill effect
Had brought this danger on. Lo, from the East
Comes fresh alarm! a few poor fugitives
Well-nigh with fear exanimate came up,
From Covadonga flying, and the rear
Of that destruction, scarce with breath to tell
Their dreadful tale. When Abulcacem heard,
Stricken with horror, like a man bereft
Of sense, he stood. O Prophet, he exclaimed,
A hard and cruel fortune hast thou brought
This day upon thy servant! Must I then
Here with disgrace and ruin close a life
Of glorious deeds? But how should man resist
Fate's irreversible decrees, or why
Murmur at what must be! They who survive
May mourn the evil which this day begins:
My part will soon be done! ... Grief then gave way
To rage, and cursing Guisla, he pursued,
Oh that that treacherous woman were but here!
It were a consolation to give her
The evil death she merits!

That reward
She hath had, a Moor replied. For when we reached
The entrance of the vale, it was her choice
There in the farthest dwellings to be left,
Lest she should see her brother's face; but thence
We found her, flying at the overthrow,
And, visiting the treason on her head,
Pierced her with wounds... Poor vengeance for a host
Destroyed! said Abulcacem in his soul.
Howbeit, resolving to the last to do
His office, he roused up his spirit. Go,
Strike off Count Eudon's head! he cried; the fear
Which brought him to our camp will bring him else
In arms against us now; For Sisibert
And Ebba, he continued thus in thought,
Their uncle's fate for ever bars all plots
Of treason on their part; no hope have
Of safety but with us. He called them then
With chosen troops to join him in the front
Of battle, that by bravely making head,
Retreat might now be won. Then fiercer raged
The conflict, and more frequent cries of death,

Mingling with imprecations and with prayers,
Rose through the din of war.
By this the blood
Which Deva down her fatal channel poured,
Purpling Pionia's course, had reached and stained
The wider stream of Sella. Soon far off
The frequent glance of spears and gleam of arms
Were seen, which sparkled to the westering orb,
Where down the vale impatient to complete
The glorious work so well that day begun,
Pelayo led his troops. On foot they came,
Chieftains and men alike; the Oaken Cross
Triumphant borne on high precedes their march,
And broad and bright the argent banner shone.
Roderick, who, dealing death from side to side,
Had through the Moorish army now made way,
Beheld it flash, and judging well what aid
Approached, with sudden impulse that way rode,
To tell of what had past, .. lest in the strife
They should engage with Julian's men, and mar
The mighty consummation. One ran on
To meet him fleet of foot, and having given
His tale to this swift messenger, the Goth
Halted awhile to let Orelio breathe.

Siverian, quoth Pelayo, if mine eyes
Deceive me not, yon horse, whose reeking sides
Are red with slaughter, is the same on whom
The apostate Orpas in his vauntery
Wont to parade the streets of Cordoba.
But thou should'st know him best; regard him well:
Is't not Orelio?

Either it is he,
The old man replied, or one so like to him,
Whom all thought matchless, that similitude
Would be the greater wonder. But behold,
What man is he who in that disarray
Doth with such power and majesty bestride
The noble steed, as if he felt himself
In his own proper seat? Look how he leans
To cherish him; and how the gallant horse
Curves up his stately neck, and bends his head,
As if again to court that gentle touch,
And answer to the voice which praises him.
Can it be Maccabee? rejoined the King,
Or are the secret wishes of my soul
Indeed fulfilled, and hath the grave given up
Its dead!... So saying, on the old man he turned
Eyes full of wide astonishment, which told

The incipient thought that for incredible
He spake no farther. But enough had past,
For old Siverian started at the words
Like one who sees a spectre, and exclaimed,
Blind that I was to know him not till now!
My Master, O my Master!
He meantime
With easy pace moved on to meet their march.
King, to Pelayo he began, this day
By means scarce less than miracle, thy throne
Is stablished, and the wrongs of Spain revenged.
Orpas the accursed, upon yonder field
Lies ready for the ravens. By the Moors
Treacherously slain, Count Julian will be found
Before Saint Peter's altar; unto him
Grace was vouchsafed; and by that holy power
Which at Visonia by the Primate's hand
Of his own proper act to me was given,
Unworthy as I am,.. yet sure I think
Not without mystery as the event hath shewn,..
Did I accept Count Julian's penitence,
And reconcile the dying man to Heaven.
Beside him hath his daughter gone to rest.

Deal honourably with his remains, and let
One grave with Christian rites receive them both.
Is it not written that as the Tree falls,
So it shall lie!
In this and all things else,
Pelayo answered, looking wistfully
Upon the Goth, thy pleasure shall be done.
Then Roderick saw that he was known, and turned
His head away in silence. But the old man
Laid hold upon his bridle, and looked up
In his master's face, weeping and silently.
Thereat the Goth with fervent pressure took
His hand, and bending down toward him, said,
My good Siverian, go not thou this day
To war! I charge thee keep thyself from harm!
Thou art past the age for combats, and with whom
Hereafter should thy mistress talk of me
If thou wert gone? . . . Thou seest I am unarmed
Thus disarrayed as thou beholdest me,
Clean through yon miscreant army have I cut
My way unhurt; but being once by Heaven
Preserved, I would not perish with the guilt
Of having wilfully provoked my death.

Give me thy helmet and thy cuirass! .. nay, ..
Thou wert not wont to let me ask in vain,
Nor to oppose me when my will was known!
To thee methinks I should be still the King.

Thus saying, they withdrew a little way
Within the trees. Roderick alighted there,
And in the old man's armour dight himself.
Dost thou not marvel by what wonderous chance,
Said he, Orelio to his master's hand
Hath been restored? I found the renegade
Of Seville on his back, and hurled him down
Headlong to the earth. The noble animal
Rejoicingly obeyed my hand to shake
His recreant burthen off, and trample out
The life which once I spared in evil hour.
Now let me meet Witiza's viperous sons
In yonder field, and then I may go rest
In peace, .. my work is done!
And nobly done!
Exclaimed the old man. Oh! thou art greater now
Than in that glorious hour of victory
When grovelling in the dust Witiza lay,

The prisoner of thy hand!..Roderick replied,
O good Siverian, happier victory
Thy son hath now atchieved,..the victory
Over the world, his sins and his despair.
If on the field my body should be found,
See it, I charge thee, laid in Julian's grave,
And let no idle ear be told for whom
Thou mournest. Thou wilt use Orelio
As doth beseem the steed which hath so oft
Carried a King to battle:..he hath done
Good service for his rightful Lord to-day,
And better yet must do. Siverian, now
Farewell!-I think we shall not meet again
Till it be in that world where never change
Is known, and they who love shall part no more.
Commend me to my mother's prayers, and say
That never man enjoyed a heavenlier peace
Than Roderick at this hour. O faithful friend,
How dear thou art to me these tears may tell!

With that he fell upon the old man's neck;
Then vaulted in the saddle, gave the reins,
And soon rejoined the host. On, comrades, on!

Victory and Vengeance! he exclaimed, and took
The lead on that good charger, he alone
Horsed for the onset. They with one consent
Gave all their voices to the inspiring cry,
Victory and Vengeance! and the hills and rocks
Caught the prophetic shout and rolled it round.
Count Pedro's people heard amid the heat
Of battle, and returned the glad acclaim.
The astonished Musslemen, on all sides charged,
Hear that tremendous cry; yet manfully
They stood, and every where with gallant front
Opposed in fair array the shock of war.
Desperately they fought, like men expert in arms,
And knowing that no safety could be found,
Save from their own right hands. No former day
Of all his long career had seen their chief
Approved so well; nor had Witiza's sons
Ever before this hour atchieved in fight
Such feats of resolute valour. Sisibert
Beheld Pelayo in the field afoot,
And twice essayed beneath his horse's feet
To thrust him down. Twice did the Prince evade
The shock, and twice upon his shield received

The fratricidal sword. Tempt me no more,
Son of Witiza, cried the indignant chief,
Lest I forget what mother gave thee birth!
Go meet thy death from any hand but mine!
He said, and turned aside. Fitliest from me!
Exclaimed a dreadful voice, as through the throng
Orelio forced his way; fitliest from me
Receive the rightful death too long withheld!
'Tis Roderick strikes the blow! And as he spake,
Upon the traitor's shoulder fierce he drove
The weapon, well-bestowed. He in the seat
Tottered and fell. The Avenger hastened on
In search of Ebba; and in the heat of fight
Rojoicing and forgetful of all else,
Set up his cry as he was wont in youth,
Roderick the Goth!... his war-cry known so well.
Pelayo eagerly took up the word,
And shouted out his kinsman's name beloved,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance! Odoar gave it forth;
Urban repeated it, and through his ranks
Count Pedro sent the cry. Not from the field
Of his great victory, when Witiza fell,

With louder acclamations had that name
Been borne abroad upon the winds of heaven.
The unreflecting throng, who yesterday,
If it had past their lips, would with a curse
Have clogg'd it, echoed it as if it came
From some celestial voice in the air, revealed
To be the certain pledge of all their hopes.
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance! O'er the field it spread,
All hearts and tongues uniting in the cry;
Mountains and rocks and vales re-echoed round;
And he, rejoicing in his strength, rode on,
Laying on the Moors with that good sword, and smote
And overthrew, and scatter'd, and destroyed,
And trampled down; and still at every blow
Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance!
Thus he made his way,
Smiting and slaying through the astonish'd ranks,
Till he beheld, where on a fiery barb,
Ebba, performing well a soldier's part,
Dealt to the right and left his deadly blows.

With mutual rage they met. The renegade
Displays a scymitar, the splendid gift
Of Walid from Damascus sent; its hilt
Embossed with gems, its blade of perfect steel,
Which, like a mirror sparkling to the sun
With dazzling splendour, flashed. The Goth objects
His shield, and on its rim received the edge
Driven from its aim aside, and of its force
Diminished. Many a frustrate stroke was dealt
On either part, and many a foin and thrust
Aimed and rebated; many a deadly blow
Straight, or reverse, delivered and repelled.
Roderick at length with better speed hath reached
The apostate's turban, and through all its folds
The true Cantabrian weapon making way
Attained his forehead. Wretch! the avenger cried,
It comes from Roderick's hand! Roderick the Goth,
Who spared, who trusted thee, and was betrayed!
Go tell thy father now how thou hast sped
With all thy treasons! Saying thus he seized
The miserable, who, blinded now with blood,
Reeled in the saddle; and with sidelong step
Backing Orelio, drew him to the ground.

He shrieking, as beneath the horse's feet
He fell, forgot his late-learnt creed, and called
On Mary's name. The dreadful Goth past on,
Still plunging through the thickest war, and still
Scattering, where'er he turn'd, the affrighted ranks.

Oh who could tell what deeds were wrought that day;
Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,
Hatred, and madness, and despair, and fear,
Horror, and wounds, and agony, and death,
The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks, and groans,
And prayers, which mingled with the din of arms
In one wild uproar of terrific sounds;
While over all predominant was heard,
Reiterate from the conquerors o'er the field,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance!... Woe for Africa!
Woe for the circumcised! Woe for the faith
Of the lying Ishmaelite that hour! The Chiefs
Have fallen; the Moors, confused and captainless,
And panic-stricken, vainly seek to escape
The inevitable fate. Turn where they will,
Strong in his cause, rejoicing in success,

Insatiate at the banquet of revenge,
The enemy is there; look where they will,
Death hath environed their devoted ranks:
Fly where they will, the avenger and the sword
Await them,..wretches! whom the righteous arm
Hath overtaken!...Joined in bonds of faith
Accurst, the most flagitious of mankind
From all parts met are here; the apostate Greek,
The vicious Syrian, and the sullen Copt,
The Persian cruel and corrupt of soul,
The Arabian robber, and the prowling sons
Of Africa, who from their thirsty sands
Pray that the locusts on the peopled plain
May settle and prepare their way. Conjoined
Beneath an impious faith, which sanctifies
To them all deeds of wickedness and blood,..
Yea and halloos them on,..here are they met
To be conjoined in punishment this hour.
For plunder, violation, massacre,
All hideous, all unutterable things,
The righteous, the immitigable sword
Exacts due vengeance now! the cry of blood
Is heard: the measure of their crimes is full;

Such mercy as the Moor at Auria gave,
Such mercy hath he found this dreadful hour!

The evening darkened, but the avenging sword
Turned not away its edge till night had closed
Upon the field of blood. The Chieftains then
Blew the recall, and from their perfect work
Returned rejoicing, all but he for whom
All looked with most expectance. He full sure
Had thought upon that field to find his end
Desired, and with Florinda in the grave
Rest, in indissoluble union joined.
But still where through the press of war he went
Half-armed, and like a lover seeking death,
The arrows past him by to right and left,
The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar
Glanced from his helmet; he, when he beheld
The rout complete, saw that the shield of Heaven
Had been extended over him once more,
And bowed before its will. Upon the banks
Of Sella was Orelio found, his legs
And flanks incarnadined, his poitral smeared
With froth and foam and gore, his silver mane

Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,
Aspersed like dew-drops; trembling there he stood
From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth
His tremulous voice far echoing loud and shrill,
A frequent, anxious cry, with which he seemed
To call the master whom he loved so well,
And who had thus again forsaken him.
Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain
Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand
Had wielded it so well that glorious day? . . .

Days, months, and years, and generations past,
And centuries held their course, before, far off
Within a hermitage near Viseu's walls
A humble tomb was found, which bore inscribed
In ancient characters King Roderick's name.

THE END.

NOTES.

NOTES.

At every saddle-bow
A gory head was hung. — XIV. p. 4.

This picture frequently occurs in the Spanish Chronicles. Sigurd the elder, Earl of Orkney, owed his death to a like custom. "Suddenly clapping spurs to his horse, as he was returning home in triumph, bearing, like each of his followers, one of these bloody spoils, a large front tooth in the mouth of the head which hung dangling by his side, struck the calf of his leg, — the wound mortified, and he died. — The Earl must have been bare-legged." — *Torfæus, quoted in Edmonston's View of the Zetland Islands,* vol. i. p. 33.

In reverence to the priestly character. — XV. p. 14.

"At the synod of Mascou, laymen were enjoined to do honour to the honourable clergy by humbly bowing the head, and uncovering it, if they were both on horse-

back, and by alighting also if the clergyman were a-foot." — *Pierre de Marca. Hist. de Bearn*, l. 1. ch. 18. § 2.

Whom not the spoils of Atabalipa
Could satisfy insatiate. — XVI. p. 24.

Hernando de Soto, — the history of whose expedition to Florida by the Inca Garcilaso, is one of the most delightful books in the Spanish language.

Nor wicker storehouse for the autumnal grain.
XVI. p. 26.

" Morales (8. 23. 3.), speaking of the Asturians, mentions with wonder their chairs, furniture, and granaries of basket-work, . . *las sillas y otras cosas de servicio recias y firmas que hacen entretexidas de mimbres y varas de avellano. Y aun a mé no me espantaba en aquella tierra tanto esto, como ver los graneros, que ellos llaman los horreos, fabricados desta misma obra de varas entretexidas, y tan tupidas y de tanta firmeza, que sufren gran carga como buenas paredes.*"

Covadonga. — XVI. p. 38.

The valley of Covadonga is thus described by the Conde de Salduena; — and the description is a fair specimen of his poem :—

Yace de Asturias, donde el Sol infante
Sus montes con primeras luces bana,
De Covadonga el sitio, que triunfante
Cuna fue en que nacio la insigne Espana
Vierte en el Sela liquidos cristales
Con Buena y Deba, que de la montana
Deben la vida à la fragosa copa,
A quien la antiguedad llamò de Europa.

Aqui la juventud de un bello llano
Compite à flores, luces de la esphera;
Y burlando el Invierno y el Verano
Eterna vive en el la Primavera:
Sobre sus glebas de derrama ufano
El prodigioso cuerno de la Fiera
De Amaltea, y aromas, y colores
Confunden los matices con olores.

Robustos troncos, con pobladas ramas
Vuelven el sitio rustica Alameda,
Y del Sol no permiten a las llamas
Lo espeso penetrar de la Arboleda:
Pierden sus rayos las ardientes famas,
Pues la frondosidad opuesta veda

La luz al dia, y denso verde muro
Crepusculo le viste al ayre puro.

Sigeiendo la ribera de Peonia
Al Oriente Estival, y aglo inclinado
A la parte que mira al medio dia,
Otro valle se vè mas dilatado:
A la derecha de esta selva umbria
Reynazo corre, que precipitado
Va à bar à Buena en liquidos abrazos
Su pobre vena en cristalinos lazos.

Sin passar de Reynazo el successivo
Curso, dexando presto su torrente,
Con el cristal se encuentra fugitivo
De Deba, a quien la Cueba dio la fuente:
La admiracion aqui raro motivo
Vè, formando la senda su corriente,
Pues lo estrecho del sitio penascoso
Hace camino del licor undoso.

Hecho serpiente Deva del camino
En circulo se enrosca tortuoso,
Vomitando veneno cristalino
En el liquido aljofar proceloso:

En las orillas con vivax destino,
En tosigo se vuelve, que espumoso
Inficiona lethal al pie ligero,
Quando le pisa incanto el passagero.

Ya de este valle cierran las campanas,
Creciendo de sus riscos la estatura,
Desmesuradas tanto las montanas
Que opuscan ya del Sol la lumbre pur
Son rusticos los lados, las entranas
Del valle visten siempre la hermosura
Fronsidad el ayre, y de colores
El suelo texe alfombra de primores.

Aunque los montes con espesas brenas
El lado al sitio forman horroroso,
Y contra su verdor desnudas penas
Compiten de lo llano lo frondoso;
Pintados pajarillos dulces senas
Al son del agua en trino sonoroso
De ignorados idiomas en su canto
Dan con arpados picos dulce encanto.

Lo ultimo de este valle la alta sierra
De Covadonga ocupa, donde fuerte

Se expone el Heroe al juego de la guerra,
Sin temor negro ocaso de la suerte:
Los que animosos este sitio encierra.
El ceno despreciando de la muerte,
Su pecho encienden en la altiva llama
Que no cabra en las trompas de la Fama.

De Diba ed ella la preciosa fuente
Al llano brota arroyos de cristales,
Donde en pequena balsa su corriente
Se detiene en suspensos manantiales:
Despues se precipita su torrente
Quanto sus ondas enfreno neutrales,
Con sonoroso ruido de la pena
El curso de sus aguas se despena.

Cierra todo este valle esta robusta
Pena, donde la Cueva està divina,
Que amenaza tajada a ser injusta
Del breve llano formidable ruina:
Parece quiere ser con sana adusta
Seco padron, y fiera se destina
A erigirse epitafio penascoso,
Sepultando su horror el sitio hermoso

De piedra viva tan tremenda altura
Que la vista al mirarla se estremece;
Vasta grena se viste, y la hermosura
De la fertilidad seca aborrece:
Es tan desmesurada su estatura
Que estrecha el ayre, y barbara parece
Que quiere que la sirvan de Cimera
Las fulminantes luces de la Esphera.

Como a dos picas en la pena dura
Construye en circo una abertura rara,
De una pica de alto, y dos de anchura,
Rica de sombras su mansion avara:
Ventana, ò boca de la cueva obscura
Donde el Sol no dispensa su luz clara,
Tan corta, que su centro tenebroso
Aun no admite crepusculo dudoso.

En este sitio pues, donde compite
La rustiquez con las pintadas flores,
Pues la pelada sierra no permite
A la vista, sino es yertos horrores:
Por el contrario el llano que en si admite
De los bellos matices los primores,

Efecto siendo de naturalezo
La union en lo fealdad, y la belleza.

A tiorba de cristal las dulces aves
Corresponden en trinos amorosos,
Vertiendo èn blando son tonos suaves
Ecos los ayres beben harmoniosos:
Enmudecen su canto quando graves
Bemoles gorgeando mas preciosos,
Es maestro à la barbara Capilla
El Ruysenor, plumada maravilla.

Elige este distrito la Divina
Providencia à lo grave de la hazana,
Pues aqui su justicia determina
La monarquia fabricar de Espana:
A las cortas reliquias, que à la ruina
Reservò su piedad, enciende en sana
Religiosa, que à Imperio sin regunda
Abra futura llave Nuevo Mundo.

El Pelayo, Cant. ix.

Christoval de Mesa also describes the scene.

Acerdandose mas, oye el sonido
Del agua, con un manso y sordo ruydo.

El qual era de quatro claras fuentes
Que estavan de la ermita en las esquinas,
Cuyas puras de plata aguas corrientes
Mostro la blanca Luna cristalinas;
Y corriendo por partes diferentes
Eran de grande maravilla dignas,
Y en qualquiera de todas por su parte
Naturaleza se esmero con arte.

La una mana de una viva pena,
Y qual si tambien fuera el agua viva,
Parte la bana, y parte se despena
Con rapida corriente fugitiva:
Despues distinto un largo arroyo ensena
Que por diversas partes se derriba,
Con diferente curso en vario modo
Hasta que a donde nace buelve todo.

Otra, que alta descubre ancho Orizonte,
Como agraviada del lugar segundo

Sustenta un monstruo que parece un monte,
Qual Atlante que tiene en peso el mundo
Y como suele el caudaloso Oronte
Dar el ancho tributo al mar profundo
Assi se arroja con furiosas ondas,
Por las partes mas baxas y mas hondas.

Sale bramando la tercera fuente,
Como un mar, y despues por el arena
Va con tan mansa y placida corriente
Tan grata y sossegada, y tan serena,
Que a las fieras, ganados, peces, gente,
Puede aplacar la sed, menguar la pena,
Y da despues la buelta, y forma el cuerno
De la Luna, imitando el curso eterno.

Nace la quarta de una gran caverna,
Y siguiendo su prospera derrota
Parece que por arte se govierna,
Segun va destilando gota a gota:
No vido antigua edad, edad moderna
En region muy propinqua, o muy remota,
Fuente tan peregrina, obra tan nueva,
En gruta artificiosa, o tosca cueva.

Restauracion de Espana, Lib. 2. ff. 27.

Morales has given a minute description both of the scenery and antiquities of this memorable place. The Conde de Salduena evidently had it before him. I also am greatly indebted to this faithful and excellent author.

The timid hare soon learns that she may trust
The solitary penitent, and birds
Will light upon the hermit's harmless hand.

XVII. p. 41.

Con mil mortificaciones
Sus passiones crucifican,
Porque ellas de todo mueran
Porque el alma solo viva.
Hazen por huyr al ocio
Cestos, y espuertas texidas
De las hojas de las palmas
Que alli crecen sin medida.
Los arboles, y las plantas
Porque a su gusto los sirvan
Para esto vergas offrecen,
De las mas tiernas que crian.
Tambien de corcho hazen vasos
Cuentas, Cruzes, y basillas,
Cuyo modo artificioso.

El oro, y la plata embidian.
Este los cilicios texe,
Aquel haze disciplinas,
El otro las calaveras
En tosco palo esculpidas.
Uno a sombra del aliso,
Con la escritura divin
Misticos sentidos saca
De sus literales minas.
Otro junto de la fuente
Que murmura en dulce ris
Mira en los libros las obras
De los santos Eremitas.
Qual cerca del arroyuelo
Que sultando corre aprissa,
Discurre como a la muerte
Corre sin parar la vida.
Qual con un Christe abraçado
Besandole las heridas,
Herido de sus dolores
A sus pies llora, y suspira.
Qual en las flores que al campo
Entre esmeraldas matizan,
Las grandezas soberanas
Del immenso autor medita.

Qual subida en las piçarras
Que plata, y perlas distilan,
Con lagrimas acrecienta
Su corriente cristalina.
Qual a las fieras convoca,
Las aves llama, y combida
A que al criador de todo
Alaben agradecidas.
Qual immoble todo el cuerpo,
Con las acciones perdidas,
Tiene arrebatada el alma
Alla donde amando anima.
Y de aquel extasi quando
Parece que resuscita,
Dize con razon que muere
Porque no perdio lo vida.
La fuerça de amor a vezes
Sueno, y reposo los quita,
Y saliendo de su estancia
Buscan del Cielo la vista.
Quando serena la noche
Clara se descubre Cynthia,
Borlando de azul, y plata
El postrer mobil que pisa;
Quando el oro de su hermano

No puede tener embidia,
Que llena del que le presta
Haze de la noche dia.
Del baculo acompanado
El amante Anachorita
Solo por las soledades
Solitarios pasos guia.
Y parando entre el silencio
Las claras estrellas mira
Que le deleitan por obra
De la potencia divina.
En altas bozes alaba
Sin tener quien se lo impida
Al amador soberano
Cuya gracia solicita.
Contempla sus perfeciones,
Sus grandezas soleniza,
Sus misericordias canta,
Sus eccelencias publica.
La noche atenta entre tanto
Callando porque el prosiga.
Cruxen los vezinos ramos,
Y blando el viento respira.
Gimen las aves nocturnas
Por hazerle compania,

Suenan las fuentes, y arroyos,
Retumban las penas frias.
Todo ayuda al solitario,
Mientras con el alma fixa
En sus queridos amores
Contemplandolos se alivia.

Soledades de Busaco.

Fuller, the Worthy, has a beautiful passage in his Church History concerning "Primitive monks with their Piety and Painfulness."—"When the furnace of persecution in the infancy of christianity was grown so hot, that most cities, towns, and populous places were visited with that epidemical disease, many pious men fled into deserts, there to live with more safety, and serve God with less disturbance. No wild humour to make themselves miserable, and to chuse and court their own calamity, put them on this project, much less any superstitious opinion of transcendent sanctity in a solitary life, made them willingly to leave their former habitations. For whereas all men by their birth are indebted to their country, there to stay and discharge all civil relations, it had been dishonesty in them like bankrupts to run away into the wilderness to defraud their country, their creditor, except some violent occasion (such as persecution

was) forced them thereunto; and this was the first original of monks in the world, so called from μόνος, because living alone by themselves.

"Here they in the desarts hoped to find rocks and stocks, yea beasts themselves, more kind than men had been to them. What would hide and heat, cover and keep warm, served them for clothes, not placing (as their successors in after ages) any holiness in their habit, folded up in the affected fashion thereof. As for their food, the grass was their cloth, the ground their table, herbs and roots their diet, wild fruits and berries their dainties, hunger their sauce, their nails their knives, their hands their cups, the next well their wine-cellar; but what their bill of fare wanted in cheer it had in grace, their life being constantly spent in prayer, reading, musing, and such like pious employments. They turned solitariness itself into society; and cleaving themselves asunder by the divine art of meditation, did make of one, two or more, opposing, answering, moderating in their own bosoms, and busy in themselves with variety of heavenly recreations. It would do one good even but to think of their goodness, and at the rebound and second hand to meditate upon their meditations. For if ever poverty was to be envied it was here. And I appeal to the moderate men of these times, whether in the height of these

woeful wars, they have not sometimes wisht (not out of passionate distemper, but serious recollection of themselves) some such private place to retire unto, where, out of the noise of this clamorous world, they might have reposed themselves, and served God with more quiet."

None but that heavenly Father, who alone
Beholds the struggles of the heart, alone
Knows and rewards the secret sacrifice. — XVIII. p. 53.

Meu amor faça em Deos seu fundamento
Em Deos, que so conhece e so estima
A nobreza e o valor de hum pensamento.
Fernam Alvares do Oriente.

Sindered. — XVIII. p. 54.

" *Per idem tempus divinæ memoriæ Sinderebus urbis Regiæ Metropolitanus Episcopus sanctimoniæ studio claret; atque longævos et merito honorabiles viros quos in suprafata sibi commissa Ecclesia repetit, non secundum scientiam zelo sanctitatis stimulat, atque instinctu jam dicti Witizæ Principis eos sub ejus tempore convexare non cessat; qui et post medicum incursus Arabum expavescens, non ut pastor, sed ut mercenarius, Christi oves*

contra decreta majorum deserens, Romanæ patriæ sese adventat." — Isid. Pacensis, Espana Sagrada, T. 8. p. 298.

" *E assi como el Arçobispo fue cierto de la mala andança partio de Cordova; y nunca cesso de andar dia ni noche fasta que llego a Tolèdo; y no embargante que el era hombre de buena vida, no se quisso mostrar por tal como deviera ser, y sufrir antes martyrio por amor de Jesu Christo y esforçar los suyos, porque se defendiessen, y que las gentes no desamparassen la tierra; ca su intencion fue de ser confessor antes que martyr.*" — Cor. del K. D. Rodrigo, p. 2. C. 48.

While the Church
Keeps in her annals the deserter's name;
But from the service which with daily zeal
Devout her ancient prelacy recalls,
Blots it, unworthy to partake her prayers.

XVIII. p. 54.

" *Je ne serois pas en grande peine,*" says Pierre de Marca, " *de rechercher les noms des Evesques des Bearn, si la saincte et louable pratique des anciens Peres d'inserer dans les Diptyches, et cayers sacrés de chascune Eglise, les noms des Evesques orthodoxes, et qui estoient decedés dans la communion de l' Eglise Catholique, eust este con-*

tinuée jusqu' aux derniers siecles. Et je pourrois me servir en cette rencontre du moyen que l' Empereur Justinian et le cinquiesme Concile General employerent, pour sçavoir si Theodore Evesque de Mopsuestie estoit reconnu apres sa mort pour Evesque de l' Eglise qu'il avoit possedée durant sa vie. Car ils ordonnerent a l' Evesque et au Clergé de cette ville, de revoir les Diptyches de leur Eglise, et de rapporter fidellement ce qu'ils y trouveroient. Ce qu' ayant executé diligemment, ils firent rapport qu' apres avoir fueilleté quatre divers cayers en parchemin, qui estoient leurs Diptyches, ils y avoient trouvé le nom de touts les Evesques de ce siege; horsmis qu' en la place de Theodore, avoit esté substitué le nom de Cyrille, qui estoit le Patriarche d' Alexandrie; lequel presidant au Concile d' Ephese avoit condamné l' heresie de Nestorius et de Theodore de Mopsuestie. D'ou il apert que les noms de tous les Evesques depuis l'origine et l'establissement de chascune des Eglises estoient enregistrés dans les cayers que l'on appelloit Diptyches, et que l'on les recitoit nom par nom en leur lieu, pendant la celebration de la Liturgie, tant pour tesmoigner la continuation de la communion avec les Evesques decedés, que l'on avoit euë avec euxmesmes vivans, qu' afin de procurer par les prieres publiques, et par l'efficace du sacrifice non sang-

lant, en la celebration du quel ils estoient recommendés a Dieu, suivant l'ordonnance des apostres, un grand profit, soulagement, et refraichissement pour leurs ames, comme enseignent Cyrille de Hierusalem, Chrysostome, et Epiphane." — Histoire de Bearn, l. 4. c. 9. § 1.

"Some time before they made oblation for the dead, it was usual in some ages to recite the names of such eminent bishops, or saints, or martyrs, as were particularly to be mentioned in this part of the service. To this purpose they had certain books, which they called their Holy Books, and commonly their *Diptychs*, from their being folded together, wherein the names of such persons were written, that the deacon might rehearse them as occasion required in the time of divine service. Cardinal Bona and Schelstrade make three sorts of these *Diptychs;* one wherein the names of bishops only were written, and more particularly such bishops as had been governors of that particular church: a second, wherein the names of the living were written, who were eminent and conspicuous either for any office and dignity, or some benefaction and good work, whereby they had deserved well of the church; in this rank were the patriarchs and bishops of great sees, and the bishop and clergy of that particular church: together with the emperors and ma-

gistrates, and others most conspicuous among the people: the third was the book containing the names of such as were deceased in catholic communion. — These therefore were of use, partly to preserve the memory of such eminent men as were dead in the communion of the church, and partly to make honourable mention of such general councils as had established the chief articles of the faith: and to erase the names either of men or councils out of these *Diptychs*, was the same thing as to declare that they were heterodox, and such as they thought unworthy to hold communion with, as criminals, or some way deviating from the faith. Upon this account St. Cyprian ordered the name of Geminius Victor to be left out among those that were commemorated at the holy table, because he had broken the rules of the church. And Evagrius observes of Theodorus bishop of Mopsuestia, that his name was struck out of the Holy Books, that is, the *Diptychs*, upon the account of his heretical opinions, after death. And St. Austin, speaking of Cæcilian, Bishop of Carthage, whom the Donatists falsely accused of being ordained by *Traditores*, or men who had delivered up the Bible to be burned in the times of persecution, tells them that if they could make good any real charge against him, they would no longer name him among the rest of the bishops, whom they believed to be faithful

and innocent at the altar." — *Bingham*, b. 15. ch. 3. sect. 17.

Orary. — XVIII. p. 56.

" The Council of Laodicea has two canons concerning the little habit called the *Orarium*, which was a scarf or tippet to be worn upon the shoulders; and might be used by bishops, presbyters, and deacons, but not by subdeacons, singers, or readers, who are expressly debarred the use of it in that council. — The first council of Braga speaks of the *tunica* and the *orarium* as both belonging to deacons. And the third council of Braga orders priests to wear the *orarium* on both shoulders when they ministered at the altar. By which we learn that the *tunica* or *surplice* was common to all the clergy, the *orarium* on the left shoulder proper to deacons, and on both shoulders the distinguishing badge of priests. — The fourth council of Toledo is most particular in these distinctions. For in one canon it says, that if a bishop, presbyter, or deacon, be unjustly degraded, and be found innocent by a synod, yet they shall not be what they were before, unless they receive the degrees they had lost from the hands of the bishops before the altar. If he be a bishop, he must receive his *orarium*, his ring, and his staff: if a presbyter, his *orarium* and *planeta:* if a dea-

con, his *orarium* and *alba*. And in another canon, that the deacon shall wear but one *orarium*, and that upon his left shoulder, wherewith he is to give the signal of prayers to the people. Where we may observe also the reason of the name *orarium* in the ecclesiastical sense *ab orando*, from praying, though in common acceptation it signifies no more than an handkerchief to wipe the face, and so comes *ab ore*, in which signification it is sometimes used by St. Ambrose and St. Austin, as well as by the old Roman authors. But here we take it in the ecclesiastical sense for a sacred habit appropriated to bishops, priests, and deacons, in the solemnities of divine service, in which sense it appears to have been a habit distinct from that of civil and common use, by all the authorities that have been mentioned."—*Bingham*, b. 13. c. 8. sect. 2.

Nor wore he mitre here,
Precious, or auriphrygiate.—XVIII. p. 56.

Mitræ usus antiquissimus est, et ejus triplex est species: una quæ pretiosa dicitur, quia gemmis et lapidibus pretiosis, vel laminis aureis, vel argenteis contexta esse solet; altera auriphrygiata sine gemmis, et sine laminis aureis vel argenteis; sed vel aliquibus parvis margaritis composita, vel ex serico albo auro intermisto, vel ex tela aurea simplici sine laminis et margaritis; tertia, quæ sim-

plex vocatur, sine auro, ex simplici sirico Damasceno, vel alio, aut etiam linea, ex tela alba confecta, rubeis laciniis seu frangiis et viltis pendentibus. Pretiosa utitur Episcopus in solemnioribus festis, et generaliter quandocumque in officio dicitur hymnus Te Deum laudamus, &c. *et in missa* Gloria in excelsis Deo. *Nihilominus in eisdem festis etiam auriphrygiata uti poterit, sed potius ad commoditatem quam ex necessitate; ne scilicet Episcopus nimis gravetur, si in toto officio pretiosa utatur: propterea usu receptum est, tam in Vesperis, quam in Missis, ut pretiosa utatur Episcopus in principio et in fine Vesperárum et Missarum solemnium, ac eundo ad Ecclesiam et redeundo ab ea; et quando lavat manus et dat benedictionem solemnem. Intermedio autem spatio loco pretiosæ accipit auriphrygiatam. — Auriphrygiata mitra utitur Episcopus ab Adventu Domini usque ad festum Nativitatis, excepta Dominica tertia Adventus, in qua dicitur Introitus* Gaudete, &c. *ideoque in signum lætitiæ utitur tunc pretiosa. Item a Septuagesima usque ad feriam quartam majoris hebdomadæ inclusivè, excepta Dominica quarta Quadragesimæ, in qua dicitur Introitus* Lætare, &c. *Item in omnibus vigiliis, quæ jejunantur, et in omnibus quatuor temporibus; in Rogationibus, Litaniis et processionibus, quæ ex causa penitentiæ fiunt; in festo Innocentium, nisi veniat in Dominica; et benedictioni-*

us, et consecrationibus, quæ private aguntur. Quibus quidem temporibus abstinet, Episcopus a mitra pretiosa. Poterit tamen Episcopus dum utitur auriphrygiata, uti etiam simplici eodem modo et forma, prout de pretiosa et auriphrygiata dictum est. Simplici vero mitra utitur Episcopus feria sexta in Parasceve, et in officiis et Missis defunctorum." — Cæremoniale Episcoporum, l. 1. c. 17.

The pall
Of wool undyed, which on the Apostle's tomb
Gregory had laid.—XVIII. p. 56.

"By the way, the pall is a pontifical vestment, considerable for the matter, making, and mysteries thereof. For the matter, it is made of lamb's wooll and superstition. I say of lamb's wooll, as it comes from the sheep's back, without any other artificiall colour, spun, say some, by a peculiar order of nunnes, first cast into the tombe of St. Peter, taken from his body, say others, surely most sacred if from both; and superstitiously adorned with little black crosses. For the form thereof; the breadth exceeded not three fingers, one of our bachelours lamb-skin hoods in Cambridge would make three of them, having two labells hanging down before and behind, which the archbishops onely, when going to the altar, put about

their necks, above their other pontificall ornaments. Three mysteries were couched therein. *First*, Humility, which beautifies the clergy above all their costly copes. *Secondly*, Innocency, to imitate lamb-like simplicitie. And, *Thirdly*, Industry, to follow him who fetched his wandering sheep home on his shoulders. But to speak plainly, the mystery of mysteries in the pall was, that the archbishops receiving it shewed therein their dependence on Rome; and a mote in this manner ceremoniously taken was a sufficient acknowledgement of their subjection. And as it owned Rome's power, so in after ages it increased their profit. For, though now such palls were freely given to archbishops, whose places in Britain for the present were rather cumbersome than commodious, having little more than their paines for their labour; yet in after ages the archbishop of Canterburie's pall was sold for five thousand florenes, so that the pope might well have the golden fleece if he could sell all his lamb's wooll at that rate. Onely let me add, that the author of Canterbury-book stiles this pall *Tanquam grande Christi Sacramentum.* It is well *tanquam* came in to help it, or else we should have had eight sacraments."—*Fuller's Church History*, page 71.

The relics and the written works of Saints,
Toledo's choicest treasure, prized beyond
All wealth, their living and their dead remains;
These to the mountain fastnesses he bore
Of unsubdued Cantabria, there deposed
One day to be the boast of yet unbuilt
Oviedo, and the dear idolatry
Of multitudes unborn. — XVIII. p. 54.

"Among those, says Morales, who then passed from Toledo to Asturias, was the archbishop of Toledo, named Urban. — He, with a holy foresight, collected the sacred relics which he could, and the most precious books of his own church and of others, determining to carry them all to the Asturias, in order that the holy relics might not be profaned or treated with little reverence by the infidels; and that the books of the Holy Scriptures, and of the ecclesiastical offices, and the works of our holy doctors, might not be lost. — And although many relics are mentioned which the archbishop then carried from Toledo, especial mention is made of a holy ark full of many and most remarkable relics, which through divers chances and dangers, had been brought from Jerusalem to Toledo, and of which all that is fitting shall be related in its place, if it please God that this history should proceed. It is also expressly said, that the cope

which Our Lady gave to St. Ildefonso, was then carried to the Asturias with the other relics; and being so capital a relic, it was a worthy thing to write of it thus particularly. Of the sacred books which were saved at that time, there are specified the Holy Scriptures, the Councils, the works of St. Isidore, and St. Ildefonso, and of St. Julian the archbishop of Toledo. And as there is at this day in the church of Oviedo that holy ark, together with many others of the relics which were then removed, so do I verily believe that there are in the library of that church three or four books of those which were then brought from Toledo. I am led to this belief by seeing that they are written in a form of Gothic letters which being compared with writings six hundred years old, are without doubt much older, and of characters so different, that they may well be attributed to the times of the Goths. One is the volume of the Councils, another is a *Santoral*, another contains the books of St. Isidore *de Naturis Rerum*, with other works of other authors. And there are also some leaves of a Bible.—To put these sacred relics in greater security, and avoid the danger of the Moors, they hid them in a cave, and in a sort of deep pit therein, two leagues from the city of Oviedo, (which was not at that time built,) in a mountain, which was for this reason called Montesacro. It is

now by a slight corruption called Monsagro; and the people of that country hold the cave in great veneration, and a great romery, or pilgrimage, is made on St. Magdalen's day." — *Morales*, l. 12. c. 71.

The place where the relics were deposited is curiously described in the Romantic Chronicle. "He found that in this land of Asturias there was a sierra, full great, and high, the which had only two entrances, after this manner. On the one entrance there was a great river, which was to be passed seven times, and in none of those seven places was it fordable at any time, except in the month of July. And after the river had been crost seven times, there was an ascent of a long league up a high mountain, which is full of many great trees, and great thickets, wherein are many wild beasts, such as bears and boars and wolves, and there is a pass there between two rocks, which ten men might defend against the whole world, and this is the one entrance. The other is, that you must ascend this great mountain, by a path of two full leagues in length, on the one side having always the river, and the way so narrow, that one man must go before another, and one man can defend the path in such manner, that no arbalist, nor engine of other kind, nor any other thing, can hurt him, not if the whole world were to come against him. And if any one were to stum-

ble upon this path, he would fall more than two thousand bracas, down over rocks into the river, which lies at such a depth that the water appears blacker than pitch. And upon that mountain there is a good spring, and a plain where there are good meadows, and room enough to raise grain for eight or ten persons for a year; and the snow is always there for company, enduring from one year to another. And upon that mountain the archbishop made two churches, one to the honour of St. Mary Magdalene, and the other to the honour of St. Michael, and there he placed all these reliques, where he had no fear that any should take them; and for the honour of these relics, the archbishop consecrated the whole mountain, and appointed good guard over the sacred relics, and left there three men of good life, who were willing to remain there, serving God, and doing penance for their sins." — P. 2. c. 48.

Of the *Camara Santa*, Morales has given a curious account in his Journal; the substance, with other remarkable circumstances, he afterwards thus inserted in his great history: —

" The other church (or chapel) which King Alonso el Casto ordered to be built on the south side of the Iglesia Mayor (or cathedral), was with the advocation of the Glorious Archangel St. Michael. And in order that he

might elevate it, he placed under it another church of the Virgin and Martyr St. Leocadia, somewhat low, and vaulted with a strong arch, to support the great weight which was to be laid upon it. The king's motive for thus elevating this church of St. Michael, I believe certainly to have been because of the great humidity of that land. He had determined to place in this church the famous relics of which we shall presently speak, and the humidity of the region is so great, that even in summer the furniture of the houses on high ground is covered with mold. This religious prince therefore elevated the church with becoming foresight for reverence and better preservation of the precious treasure which was therein to be deposited. For this reason they call it Camara, (the chamber,) and for the many and great relics which it contains, it has most deservedly the appellation of Holy. You ascend to it by a flight of twenty-two steps, which begin in the cross of the Iglesia Mayor (or cathedral), and lead to a vaulted apartment twenty feet square, where there is an altar upon which mass is said; for within there is no altar, neither is mass said there by reason of the reverence shewn to so great a sanctuary; and it may be seen that K. D. Alonso intended in his plan that there should be no altar within. In this apartment or outer chapel is a great arched door, with a very

strong fastening; it leads to another smaller square chamber, vaulted also, with a square door, which also is fastened with another strong fastening, and these are the fastenings and keys which the Bishop Sampyro admires for their strength and security.

"The square door is the door of the Holy Chamber, which is in the form of a complete church, and you descend to it by twelve steps. The body of this church is twenty-four feet in length, and sixteen in width. Its arched roof is of the same dimensions. The roof is most richly wrought, and supported upon six columns of divers kinds of marbles, all precious and right beautiful, upon which the twelve apostles are sculptured, two and two. The ground is laid with Mosaic work, with variety of columns, representing jasper ware. The Bishop Sampyro had good reason to complain of the darkness of this church, which has only one small window in the upper part of the chapel; and, therefore, in this which we call the body of the church, there are commonly three silver lamps burning, the one in the middle larger than the other two, and many other lights are kindled when the relics are shewn. These are kept within a grating, which divides the chapel from the church. The chapel has two rich marbles at the entrance; it is eighteen feet in length, and its width somewhat less;

the floor and the roof are after the same fashion as those of the church, but it is one *estado* lower, which in those times seems to have been customary in Asturias and in Gallicia, the Capillas Mayores, or principal chapels, being much lower than the body of the church. The roof of the chapel is plain, and has painted in the middle our Saviour in the midst of the four evangelists; and this performance is so ancient, that it is manifestly of the age of the founder. At this iron grating strangers are usually detained; there is a lower one within of wood, to which persons are admitted who deserve this privilege for their dignity; and few there be who enter farther. This church the king built to remove to it, as accordingly he forthwith removed the holy ark, the holy bodies, and the other great relics, which at the destruction of Spain, were hidden in the cave and well of Monsagro, and for this cause he had it built with so much care, and so richly, and with such security.——

"I have described the Camara Santa thus particularly, that what I may say of the most precious relics which it contains may be the better enjoyed. I will particularize the most principal of them, beginning with the Holy Ark, which with great reason has deserved this name. It is in the midst of the chapel, close to the wooden grate, so that you can only go round it on three sides, and it is

placed upon a stone pedestal, wrought with mouldings of a palm in height. It is a varo and a half (about five feet) in length; little less than a varo wide, and about as deep, that part which is of silver, not including the height which the pedestal gives it. The cover is flat, and it is covered in all parts with silver plates of some thickness, and gilt on some places. In the front, or that side which fronts the body of the church, it has the twelve apostles in more than half relief, and on the sides there are histories of Our Lady in the same silver-work. On the flat part of the cover there is a large crucifix engraved with many other images round about it. The sides are elaborately wrought with foliage, and the whole displays great antiquity. The cover has round about it four lines in the silver, which, however, are imperfect, the silver being wanting in some places. What they contain is this, as I have copied it faithfully, with its bad Latin and other faults:—

"*Omnis conventus populi deo dignus catholici cognoscat, quorum inclytas veneratur reliquias, intra pretiosissima præsentis archælatera. Hoc est de ligno plurimum, sive de cruce Domini. De vestimentis illius, quod per sortem divisum est. De pane delectabili unde in cena usus est. De sindone Dominico ejus adque sudario et cruore sanctissimo. De terra sancta quam piis calcavit*

tunc vestigiis. De vestimentis matris ejus Virginis Mariæ. De lacte quoque ejus, quod multum est mirabile, Hispariter conjunctæ sunt quædam sanctorum maxime prestantes reliquiæ, quorum prout potuimus, hæc nomina subscripsimus. Hoc est de Sancto Petro, de Sancto Thoma, Sancti Bartolmæi. De ossibus Prophetarum, de omnibus Apostolis, et de aliis quam plurimus sanctis, quorum nomina sola Dei scientia colligit. His omnibus egregius Rex Adefonsus humili devotione perditus fecit hoc receptaculum, sanctorum pignoribus insignitum argento deauratum, exterius adornatum non vilibus operibus: per quod post ejus vitam mercatur consortium illorum in cælestibus sanctorum jubari precibus. Hæc quidem saluti et re —— Here a large piece of the silver is gone. — *Novit omnis provintia in terra sine dubio.* —— Here there is another great chasm. — *Manus et industria clericorum et præsulum, qui propter hoc convenimus cum dicto Adefonso Principe, et cum germana lætissima Urraca nomina dicta: quibus Redemptor omnium concedit indulgentiam et suorum peccatorum veniam, per hoc sanctorum pignora Apostolorum et Sanci Justi et Pastoris, Cosmæ et Damiani, Eulaliæ Virginis, et Maximi, Germani, Baudili, Pantaleonis, Cypriani et Justinæ, Sebastiani, Facundi et Primitivi, Christophori, Cucufati, Felicis, Sulpicii.*

"This inscription, with its bad Latin and other de-

fects, and by reason of the parts that are lost, can ill be translated. Nevertheless I shall render it, in order that it may be enjoyed by all. It says thus: Know all the congregation of Catholic people, worthy of God, whose the famous relics are, which they venerate within the most precious sides of this ark. Know then that herein is great part of the wood or cross of our Lord. Of his garment for which they cast lots. Of the blessed bread whereof he ate at the supper. Of his linen, of the holy handkerchief (the Sudario), and of his most holy blood. Of the holy ground which he then trod with his holy feet, of the garments of his mother the Virgin Mary, and also of her milk, which is a great wonder. With these also there are many capital relics of saints, whose names we shall write here as we can. Saint Peter, St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew. Bones of the prophets, and of all the Apostles, and of many other saints whose names are known only to the wisdom of God. The noble King Don Alonso, being full of humble devotion for all these holy relics, made this repository, adorned and ennobled with pledges of the saints, and on the outside covered with silver, and gilded with no little cunning. For the which may he deserve after this life the company of these Saints in heaven, being aided by their intercession.— These holy relics were placed here by the care and by

the hands of many clergy and prelates, who were here assembled with the said King D. Alonso, and with his chosen sister called Donna Urraca. To whom may the Redeemer of all grant remission and pardon of their sins, for the reverence and rich reliquary which they made for the said relics of the Apostles, and for those of the Saints, St. Justus and Pastor, St. Cosme and St. Damian, St. Eulalia the Virgin, and of the Saints Maximus, Germanus, Baudilus, Pantaleon, Cyprianus and Justina, Sebastian, Facundus and Primitivus, Christopher, Cucufatus, Felix and Sulpicius. ——

"The sum of the manner in which this Holy Ark came into Spain is this, conformably to what is written by all our grave authors. When Cosroes the King of Persia, in the time of the Emperor Heraclius, came upon the Holy Land, and took the city of Jerusalem, the bishop of that city, who was called Philip, and his clergy, with pious forethought, secreted the Holy Ark, which from the time of the Apostles had been kept there, and its stores augmented with new relics, which were deposited therein. After the victory of Cosroes, the Bishop Philip, with many of his clergy, passed into Africa, carrying with them the Holy Ark: and there it remained some years, till the Saracens entered into that province

also, and then Fulgentius the Bishop of Ruspina, with providence like that which had made Philip bring it to Africa, removed it into Spain. Thus it came to the Holy Church of Toledo, and was from thence removed to Asturias, and hidden in the cave of Monsagro: finally, King D. Alonso el Casto removed it to the Camara Santa; and afterwards K. D. Alonso the Great enriched it. Thus our histories write, and the same is read in the lessons on the festival which the church of Oviedo celebrates of the coming there of this Holy Ark, with a sermon proper for the day, and much solemnity, the service being said on the 13th of March after vespers, above in the church of the Camara Santa. This is a most weighty testimony which the Holy Ark possesses of its own authenticity, and of the genuineness of the most great treasure which it contains. — There also are strong testimonies, that K. D. Alonso the Great should not only have made the Ark so rich, but that this king should also have fortified the city of Oviedo, surrounding it with walls, and making for it a castle, and building also the castle of Gauzon upon the shore, for the defence and security of this holy treasure, and for another end, as he left written upon the stone of which we have elsewhere spoken. Another testimony of great authority, is the great reverence which

has been shewn to this Holy Ark, from the time which is spoken of by Alonso the Great in the inscription, to these our days. This is so great that no one has dared to open it, melancholy examples being related of some daring attempts which have been made. That which occured in our days is not mournful, but rather of much devotion and holy joy. The most illustrious Sir D. Christoval de Rojas y Sandoval, who is now the most worthy Archbishop of Seville, when he was Bishop of Oviedo, determined to open the Holy Ark. For this, as the singular devotion and most holy zeal for the glory of God which he has in all things admonished him, he made such pious preparations as the fame of so celestial a treasure shewed to be necessary. He proclaimed solemnly a fast of forty days in his church and through all his diocese, commanding that prayers should be made to our Lord, beseeching him that he would be pleased with what was intended, his Most-Illustriousness giving the example, which is very common and very edifying in his church, in himself, and in the ministers thereof. Three days before the Sunday on which the Ark was to be opened, he ordered all persons to fast, and to make greater prayers with processions. When the day arrived, he said pontifical mass, and preached, infusing with his holy exhortations, much of his own devout desires, into the hearts

of the hearers. The mass being finished, clad as he was, he ascended to the Camara Santa, with much outward solemnity, and with much fervour of devotion internally in his heart; and having there again renewed his humble prayers to our Lord, and quickened the ardour of that sacred desire which had influenced him; on his knees as he was before the Holy Ark, he took the key to open it. At the moment when he stretched out his hand to put the key in the lock, suddenly he felt such horror and dismay, and found himself so bereft of all power (*tan impossibilitado*) to move it in any way, that it was impossible for him to proceed, or do any thing but remain in that holy consternation, without having strength or ability for more. And as if he had come there to oppose and prevent that which purposely, and with so much desire and preparation, he had intended to do, he desisted from his intent, and gave it up, his whole holy desire being turned into a chill of humble shrinking and fear. Among other things which his most Illustrious Lordship relates of what he then felt, he says, that his hair stood up in such a manner and with such force, that it seemed to him, as if it lifted the mitre a considerable way from his head. Now, we all know that this famous prelate has vigour and persevering courage for all the great things which he undertakes in the service

of our Lord; but in this manner the Holy Ark remained unopened then, and thus I believe it will always remain, fastened more surely with veneration and reverence, and with respect of these examples, than with the strong bolt of its lock.

"In the inscription of this Holy Ark, mention is made of the relics of St. Baudilus, and by reason that he is a Saint very little known, it will be proper to say something of him. This Saint is much reverenced in Salamanca and in Zamora, and in both cities he has a parochial church, and in Zamora they have a good part of his relics. They have so much corrupted the name, calling him St. Boal, that the Saint is now scarcely known by his own.

"They of the church say, that the cope of St. Ildefonso, which Our Lady gave him, is in the Ark. This may well be believed, since our good authors particularly relate that it was carried to Oviedo with the Holy Ark, and with the other relics, and it does not now appear among it, and there is much more reason to think that it has been very carefully put away, than that it has been lost. Also they say, that when the celestial cope was put into the Holy Ark, they took out of it the piece of the holy Sudario, in which the head of our Redeemer was wrapt up for his interment, as is said in the inscription of the Ark. This

is one of the most famous relics in all Christendom, and therefore it is most richly adorned, and reverently preserved, being shown only three times in the year with the greatest solemnity. The box in which it is kept is wrought without of gold and azure, with beautiful mouldings and pictures, and other ornaments of much authority. Within this there is a square piece of wood, covered entirely with black velvet, with silver handles, and other decorations of silver round about; in the hollow of this square, the holy Sudario is stretched and fastened upon the velvet; it is a thin linen cloth, three quarters long and half a varo wide, and in many places full of the divine blood from the head of our Redeemer, in diverse forms and stains of various sizes; wherein some persons observe marks of the divine countenance and other particularities. I did not perceive this; but the feelings which came upon me when I looked at it is sufficient to make me believe any thing of it; and if a wretch like me was thus affected, what must it do to those who deserve of our Lord greater regalements on such an occasion? It is exhibited to the people three times in the year; on Good Friday, and on the two festivals of the Cross in May and in September, and there is then a great concourse from all the country, and from distant parts. This part of the cross of the church where the Camara

Santa is, is richly hung, and in the first apartment of the Camara, a corridor is erected for this exhibition; the which is closed that day with curtains of black velvet, and a canopy that extends over the varandas. The Bishop in his pontificals, with his assistants and other grave persons, places himself behind the curtains with the Holy Sudario, holding it by the silver handles, covered with a veil. The curtains are undrawn, and the quiristers below immediately begin the *miserere*. The Bishop lifts the veil, and at the sight of the Holy Sudario, another music begins of the voices of the people, deeply affected with devotion, which verily penetrates all hearts. The Bishop stands some time, turning the Sacred Relic to all sides, and afterwards the veil being replaced, and the curtains redrawn, he replaces the Holy Sudario in its box. With all these solemnities, the very Illustrious and most Reverend Senor, M. D. Gonzalo de Solorzano, Bishop of Oviedo, exhibited this Holy Relic on the day of Santiago, in the year of our Redeemer 1572, in order that I might bear a more complete relation of the whole to the King our Lord; I having at that time undertaken the sacred journey by his command.

"Another chest, with a covering of crimson and brocade, contains a good quantity of bones, and some pieces of a head; which, although they are very damp, have a

most sweet odour, and this all we who were present perceived, when they were shown me, and we spoke of it as of a notable and marvellous thing. The account which they of the church give of this holy body is, that it is that of St. Serrano, without knowing any thing more of it. I, considering the great dampness of the sacred bones, believe certainly that it was brought up to the Camara Santa from the church of Leocadia, which, as it has been seen, is underneath it. And there, in the altar, the great stone-chest is empty, in which King Alonso el Casto enclosed many relics, as the Bishop Sampyro writes. For myself I have always held for certain, that the body of St. Leocadia is that which is in this rich chest. And in this opinion I am the more confirmed since the year 1580 when such exquisite diligence has been used by our Spaniards in the monastery of St. Gisleno, near Mons de Henao in Flanders, to verify whether the body of St. Leocadia, which they have there, is that of our Saint. The result has been, that it was ascertained beyond all doubt to be the same; since an authentic writing was found of the person who carried it thither by favour of one of our earliest kings, and he carried it from Oviedo without dispute; because, according to my researches, it is certain that it was there. Now I affirm, that the king who gave part left part also; and neither is that

which is there so much, that what we saw at Oviedo might not well have been left, neither is this so much but that which is at Mons might well have been given.

" In the church below, in a hollow made for this purpose, with grates, and a gate well ornamented, is one of the vessels which our Redeemer Jesus Christ filled with miraculous wine at the marriage in Galilee. It is of white marble, of an ancient fashion, more than three feet high, and two wide at the mouth, and contains more than six *arrobas*. And forasmuch as it is in the wall of the church of K. Alonso el Casto, and all the work about it is very ancient, it may be believed that the said king ordered it to be placed there." — *Coronica General de Espana*, L. 13. C. 40.

Morales gives an outline of this vessel in his Journal, and observes, that if the Christians transported it by land, particular strength and the aid of God would have been necessary to carry it so many leagues, and move it over the rugged mountains of Europa; — but, he adds, it might have come by water from Andalusia or Portugal, and in that case this would have been a land journey of only four or five leagues. — In his journal, Morales mentions certain other relics of which the church of Oviedo boasted, but for which he required better evidence than could be adduced for them. Such were a portion of To-

bit's fish, and of Sampson's honey-comb, with other such things, which, he says, would lessen the credit of the Ark, where, according to the Bishop of Oviedo, D. Pelayo, and Sebastian, Bishop of Salamanca, they were deposited. Of these precious relics he says nothing in his history, neither does he mention a piece of Moses's rod, a large piece of St. Bartholomew's skin, and the sole of St. Peter's shoe, all which he enumerates in his Journal, implying rather than expressing his doubts of their authenticity. As a scrupulous and faithful antiquary, Morales was accustomed to require evidence, and to investigate it; and for these he could find no other testimony than tradition and antiquity, which, as presumptive proofs, were strong corroborants of faith, but did not suffice of themselves. The Holy Ark has all the evidence which he required, and the reverence with which he regarded it, is curiously expressed in his journal. "I have now," he says, "described the material part of the Camara Santa. The spiritual and devout character which it derives from the sacred treasures which it contains, and the feeling which is experienced upon entering it, cannot be described without giving infinite thanks to our Lord, that he has been pleased to suffer a wretch like me to enjoy it. I write this in the church before the grating, and God knows I am as it were beside myself

with fear and reverence, and I can only beseech God to give me strength to proceed with that for which I have no power myself." — T. 10. *Viage*, p. 91.

Morales, like Origen, had given in his youth a decisive proof of the sincerity of his religious feelings, and it sometimes seems as if he had emasculated his mind as well as his body. But with all this abject superstition, he was a thoroughly pious and good man. His life is deeply interesting, and his writings, besides their great historical and antiquarian value, derive additional interest from the picture of the author's mind which they so frequently display. The portrait prefixed to the last edition of his work is singularly characteristic.

The proud array,

—Which Leuvigild for after kings

Left, ostentatious of his power?— XVIII. p. 57.

" *Postremum bellum Suevis intulit, regnumque eorum in jura gentis suæ mirâ celeritate transmisit. Hispania magna ex parte potitus, nam antea gens Gothorum angustis finibus arctabatur. — Fiscum quoque primus iste locupletavit, primusque ærarium de rapinis civium, hostiumque manubiis auxit. Primusque etiam inter suos regali veste opertus in solio resedit. Nam ante eum et ha-*

bitus et consessus communis, ut populo, ita et regibus erat." —S. Isidor. Hist. Goth.—Espana Sagrada, 6. 498-9.

The Sueve.—XVIII. p. 58.

As late as the age of the Philips, the Portugueze were called Sevosos by the Castillians, as an opprobrious name. Brito says, It was the old word Suevos continued and corrupted, and used contemptuously, because its origin was forgotton. — *Monarchia Lusitana.* 2. 6. 4.

When the Suevi and Alani over-ran Spain they laid siege to Lisbon, and the saints Maxima, Julia, and Verissimus (a most undoubted personage) being Lisbonians, were applied to by their town's people to deliver them. Accordingly, a sickness broke out in the besieger's camp, and they agreed to depart upon payment of a sum of money. Bernardo de Brito complains that Blondus and Sabellicus, in their account of this transaction, have been so careless as to mention the money, and omit the invocation of the Saints. — *M. Lus.* 2. 5. 23.

Lord of Hosts, &c. — XVIII. p. 61.

The substance of these prayers will be found in the forms of coronation observed by the Anglo-Saxons, and in the early ages of the French monarchy. I am indebted for them to Turner's most valuable History of the

Anglo-Saxons, and to Mr. Lingard's Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon church, a work not more full of erudition than it is of Catholic sophistry and misrepresentation.

Roderick brought
The buckler. — XVIII. p. 62.

Toman, diziendo aquesto, un ancho escudo
El Duque y Conde y hombres principales,
De pies encima el Principe membrudo
Lo levantan assi del suelo iguales:
Y alçarlo en peso, quanto alçar se pudo
De alçarlo por su Rey fueron senales,
Real, Real, Real, diziendo todos,
Segun costumbre antigua de los Godos.

Ch. de Messa. Restauracion de Espana, L. 4. ff. 34.

Rejoice,
O Leon, for thy banner is display'd. — XVIII. p. 64.

"*La primera ciudad que gano dizen fue Leon, y desde alli see llamo Rey de Leon, y tomo por armas un Leon roxo en campo blanco, dexando las antiguas armas de los Godos, que eran un Leon bermejo rapante, en campo azul, buelta la cara atras, sobre tres ondas blancas y azules.*" — Fran. de Pisa. Desc. de Toledo, L. 3. C. 2.

Fue la del quinto globo roxa estrella
rayo de su valor, voz de su fama,
y Leon de su escudo y luzimiento,
heredado blason, Signo sangriento.

Coro de las Musas, p. 102.

"*Les anciennes armes estoient parlantes, comme l'on void en celles des Comtes de Castille, et des Rois de Leon, qui prindrent des Chateaux et des Lions, pour signifier les noms vulgaires des Provinces, par le blason de leurs armes; qui ne se reportent pas a l'ancienne denomination de Castulo et de Legio, chés Pline.*"—Pierre de Marca, Hist. de Bearn, L. 1. C. 12. § 11.

"The Lion's grinders are, *relevées de trois pointes un-peu creusées dans leur centre, dans lesquelles les speculatifs croyent voir la figure d'une fleur de lys. Je n'ay garde de dire le contraire,*" says P. Labat, "*il est permis a bien des gens de voir dans les nues et dans les charbons ardens tout ce qu'il plaît à leur imagination de s'y representer; pourquoy ne sera-t-il pas libre de voir sur les dents du Lion la figure des fleurs de lys? Je doute que les Espagnols en conviennent, eux qui prennent le Lion pour les armes et le symbole de leur monarchie; car on pourroit leur dire que c'est une marque que sans le secours de la France, leur Lion ne seroit pas fort a craindre.*"—Afrique Occidentale, T. 2. p. 14.

And Tagus bends his sickle round the scene
Of Roderick's fall. — XVIII. p. 65.

There is a place at Toledo called la Alcurnia. " *E nombre de Alcurnia es Araligo, que es dezir cosa de cuerno, o en forma de cuerno, lo que Christianos llamavan foz, o hoz de Tago. Llamase assi porque desde que este rio passa por debaxo de la puente de Alcantara, va haziendo una buelta y torcedura, que en una escritura antigua se llama hoz de Tajo. Lo mesmo acontecio a Arlança cerca de Lara, de donde se llamo la hoz de Lara, como lo nota Ambrosio de Morales; y en el Reyno de Toledo ay la hoz de Jucar.*" — Francisco de Pisa. Desc. de Toledo, L. 1. C. 14.

Amid our deserts we hunt down the birds
Of heaven,...wings do not save them!—XX. p. 88.

The Moors have a peculiar manner of *hunting* the partridge. In the plains of Akkermute and Jibbel Hidded in Shedma, they take various kinds of dogs with them, from the greyhound to the shepherd's dog, and following the birds on horseback, and allowing them no time to rest, they soon fatigue them, when they are taken by the dogs. But as the Mooselmin eats nothing but what has had its throat cut, he takes out his knife, and

exclaiming *Bismillah*, in the name of God, cuts the throat of the game. — *Jackson's Morocco.* p. 121.

A hasty grave, scarce hidden there from dogs
And ravens, nor from wintry rains secure. — XXII. p. 111.

In composing these lines I remembered a far more beautiful passage in one of the Eclogues of the Jesuit, Bussieres: —

Artesius ruit ecce furens, finesque propinquos
Insultans, stragem agricolis fugientibus infert.
Quid facerem? matrem, ut potui, tenerumque puellum
Raptabam, et mediis abdebam corpora silvis.
Aspera jam frigebat hyems, frondosaque quercus
Pro tecto et latebris ramos prædebat opacos;
Algentem fovi matrem; fovet illa rigentem
Infantem gremio. Sub prima crepuscula lucis
Progredior, tectum miseris si forte pateret;
Silvam fusus eques telis infensus habebat;
Bona fugio, et capio compendia tuta viarum.
Conditur atra dies; cœlo nox horrida surgit.
Quam longis mihi nox misero producitur horis!
Quos gemitus fletusque dedi: quam proxima votum
Lux fuit! heu tristi lux infensissima clade!
Currebam ad notam quercum per devia tesqua.

Dux amor est. Annam video, puerumque jacentem
Affixum uberibus, duræ succumbere morti.
Ipsa parens, postquam ad vocem conversa vocantis
In me amplexantem morientia lumina fixit,
Eluctantem animam glaciato e corpore mittit.
Obrigui, frigusque novum penetravit in ossa:
Felix, si simili potuissem occumbere letho;
Sors infesta vetat. Restabat cura sepulchri
Quo foderem ferrum deerat; miserabile corpus
Frondibus obtexi, pueram nec ab ubere vulsi
Sicut erat foliis tegitur; funusque paratur,
Heu nimis incertum, et primis violabile ventis.

——*their white signal-flag.*—XXIII. p. 122.

A white flag, called *El Alem*, the signal, is hoisted every day at twelve o'clock, to warn the people out of hearing, or at a great distance, to prepare, by the necessary preliminary ablutions, to prostrate themselves before God at the service of prayer.—*Jackson's Morocco*, p. 149.

The Humma's happy wings have shadowed him.
XXIII. p. 123.

The humma is a fabulous bird: The head over which

its shadow once passes will assuredly be encircled with a crown.— *Wilkes, S. of India,* v. i. p. 423.

Life hath not left his body.—XXIII. p. 128.

Among the *Prerogatives et Proprietés singulières du Prophète,* Gagnier states that, " *Il est vivant dans son Tombeau. Il fait la prière dans ce Tombeau à chaque fois que le Crieur en fait la proclamation, et au même tems qu'on la recite. Il y a un Ange posté sur son Tombeau qui a le soin de lui donner avis des Prières que les Fidèles font pour lui.*"—Vie de Mahomet, L. 7. C. 18.

The common notion that the impostor's tomb is suspended by means of a loadstone is well known. Labat, in his 'Afrique Occidentale (T. 3. p. 143.) mentions the lie of a Marabout, who, on his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, affirmed, " *que le tombeau de Mahomet etoit porté en l'air par le moyen de certains Anges qui se relayent d'heure en heures pour soutenir ce fardeau.*" These fables, however, are modest in comparison with those which the Franciscans have invented to magnify their founder.

Hast thou not heard
How when our clay is leaven'd first with life,
The ministering Angel brings it from the spot

Whereon 'tis written in the eternal book,
That soul and body must their parting take,
And earth to earth return? — XXIII. p. 129.

The Persians in their creed have a pleasant imagination concerning the death of men. They say, that every one must come and die in the place where the Angel took the earth of which he hath been made, thinking that one of these spirits has the care of forming the human creature, which he doth by mingling a little earth with the seed. — *Thevenot.*

They perish, all their thousands perish there.
XXIII. p. 134.

The battle of Covadonga is one of the great miracles of Spanish history. It was asserted for many centuries without contradiction, and is still believed by the people, that when the Moors attacked Pelayo in the cave, their weapons were turned back upon themselves; that the Virgin Mary appeared in the clouds, and that part of a mountain fell upon the Infidels, and crushed those who were flying from the destruction. In what manner that destruction might have been effected, was exemplified upon a smaller scale in the Tyrol in the memorable war of 1809.

Barret sums up the story briefly, and in the true strain of Mine Ancient.

The Sarr'cen hearing that th' Asturianites
Had king created, and stood on their guard,
Sends multitudes of Mohametized knights
To rouse them out their rocks, and force their ward.
Pelagius, hearing of this enterprize,
Prepares his petty power on Auseve mount;
Alchameh comes with Zarzen multiplies,
Meaning Pelagius' forces to dismount.
To blows they come: but lo; a stroke divine.
The Iber, few, beats numbrous Sarracene,
Two myriads with Mahomet went to dine
In Parca's park.

The Bread of Life.— XXIV. p. 144.

It is now admitted by the best informed of the Romish writers themselves, that, for a thousand years, no other but common or leavened bread was used in the Eucharist. The wafer was introduced about the eleventh century. And as far down as the twelfth century the people were admitted to communicate in both kinds.

And let no shame be offer'd his remains. — XXV. p. 151.

According to the Comendador Fernan Nunez, in his Commentary upon the *Trezientas*, the tomb of Count Julian was shown in his days about four leagues from

Huesca at a castle called Loarri, on the outside of a church which was in the castle.

His wonted leathern gipion.—XXV. p. 154.

The Musical Pilgrim in Purchas thus describes the Leonese:—

Wymmen in that land use no vullen,
But alle in lether be the wounden:
And her hevedez wonderly ben trust,
Standing in her forheved as a crest,
In rould clouthez lappet alle be forn
Like to the prikke of a N'unicorn.
And men have doubelettez full schert,
Bare legget and light to stert.—P. 1231.

Purchas supposes this very curious poem to have been written about 200 years before he published it, *i. e.* about 1425. It is probably much older. In entering Castille from Elvas, the author says,

Now into Castell schall we faire
Over the river, the land is bare.
Full of heath and hunger also,
And Sarasynez Governouriz thereto.

Now Badajoz and that part of the country was finally recovered from the Moors in the early part of the thirteenth century. Purchas perhaps judged from the age of the manuscript, which may have been written about the time on which he fixes, and the language modernised by the transcriber.

The light which o'er the fields of Bethlehem shone,
Irradiated whole Spain.—XXV. p. 157.

"*Fallamos en las estorias que aquella ora que nuestro Senor Jesu Christo nascio, seyendo media noche, aparesçio una nuve sobre Espana que dio tan gran claridad, e tan gran resplandor, e tan gran calor, como el sol en medio del dia quando va mas apoderado sobre la tierra. E departen los sabios e dizen que se entiende por aquella que despues de Jesu Christo vernie su mandadero a Espana a predicar a los gentiles la çeguedad en que estavan, e que los alumbrarie con la fee de Jesu Chrysto, e aquesto fue San Pablo. Otros departen que en Espana avie de nasçer un prinçipe chrystiano que serie senor de todo el mundo, e valdrie mas por el todo el linaje de los omes, bien como esclaresçio toda la tierra por la claridad de aquella nuve en quanto ella duro.*"—Coronica General. ff. 71.

A more extraordinary example of the divine favour to-

wards Spain is triumphantly brought forward by Francisco de Pisa. "Our Lord God," says he, "has been pleased to preserve these kingdoms in the purity of the Faith, like a terrestrial Paradise, by means of the Cherubim of the Holy Office, which with its sword of fire has defended the entrance, through the merits and patronage of the serenest Virgin Mary the Mother of God." "*Ha sido servido nuestro Señor Dios conservar estos reynos de Espana en la entereza de la Fe, como a un Parayso terrenal, mediante el Cherubin del Santo Officio, que con su espada de fuego les ha defendido la entrada por los meritos y patrocinio de la serenissima Virgen Maria Madre de Dios.*" — Desc. de Toledo, L. 1. C. 25.

This passage is truly and lamentably characteristic.

The Oaken Cross. — XXV. p. 161.

The oaken cross, which Pelayo bore in battle, is said to have been preserved at Oviedo in the Camara Santa in company with that which the angels made for Alfonso the Great, concerning which Morales delivers a careful opinion, how much of it was made by the Angels, and how much has been human workmanship. The people of Cangas, not willing that Pelayo's cross should be in any thing inferior to his successors, insist that it fell from

Heaven. Morales, however, says, it is more certain that the king had it made to go out with it to battle at Covadonga. It was covered with gold and enamel in the year 908; when Morales wrote, it was in fine preservation, and doubtless so continued till the present generation. Upon the top branch of the cross there was this inscription: "*Susceptum placide maneat hoc in honore, Dei quod offerunt famuli Christi Adefonsus Princeps et Scemena Regina.* On the right arm, *Quisquis auferre hæc donaria nostra presumpserit, fulmine divino intereat ipse.* On the left, *Hoc opus perfectum est, concessum est Sancto Salvatori Ovetensis Sedis. Hoc signo tuetur pius, hoc signo vincitur inimicus.* On the foot, *Et operatum est In Castello Gauzon anno Regni nostri* XVII *discurrente Era* DCCCCXLVI.

"There is no other testimony," says Morales, "that this is the cross of King Don Pelayo, than tradition handed down from one age to another. I wish the king had stated that it was so in his inscription, and I even think he would not have been silent upon this point, unless he had wished to imitate Alonso el Casto, who, in like manner, says nothing concerning the Angels upon his cross." This passage is very characteristic of good old Ambrosio.

Like a mirror sparkling to the sun.—XXV. 136.

The Damascus blades are so highly polished, that when any one wants to arrange his turban, he uses his scymetar for a looking-glass. — *Le Brocquiere*, p. 138.

Who from their thirsty sands,
Pray that the locusts on the peopled plain
May settle and prepare their way.—XXV. p. 172.

The Saharawans, or Arabs of the Desert, rejoice to see the clouds of locusts proceeding towards the north, anticipating therefrom a general mortality, which they call *elkhere*, the good or the benediction; for, after depopulating the rich plains of Barbary, it affords to them an opportunity of emanating from their arid recesses, in the desert, to pitch their tents in the desolated plains, or along the banks of some river. — *Jackson's Morocco*, p. 106.

Oh who could tell what deeds were wrought that day,
Or who endure to hear?—XXV. p. 171.

I have nowhere seen a more curious description of a battle between Christians and Saracens than in Barret's manuscript:

The forlorn Christian troops Moon'd troops encharge,
The Mooned troops requite them with the like;
Whilst Grecian lance cracks (thundering) Parthian targe,
Parth's flame-flash arrow Grecian through doth prick;
And whilst that Median scymetar unlimbs
The Christian knight, doth Christian curtle-axe,
Unhead the Median horsemen; whilst here dims
The Pagan's goggling-eyes by Greekish axe,
The Greek unhorsed lies by Persian push,
And both all rageful grapple on the ground.
And whilst the Saracen with furious rush
The Syrian shocks, the Syrian as round
Down shouldreth Saracen: whilst Babel blade
Sends soul Byzantine to the starred cell,
Byzantine pike with like-employed trade,
Packs Babel's spirit posting down to hell.

But where was he whose hand
Had wielded it so well that glorious day?—XXV. p. 174.

The account which the Fabulous Chronicle gives of Roderick after his disappearance, is in so singular a strain of fiction that I have been tempted to translate it. It strikingly exemplifies the doctrine of penance, of which monastic history supplies many instances almost as extraordinary as this fable.

Chap. 238. — *How the King Don Rodrigo left the battle and arrived at a hermitage, and of that which befell him.*

" Now when the King Don Rodrigo had escaped from the battle, he began to go as fast as he could upon his horse along the banks of the Guadalete, and night came on, and the horse began to fail by reason of the many wounds which he had received; and as he went thus by the river side deploring the great ruin which had come upon him, he knew not where he was, and the horse got into a quagmire, and when he was in he could not get out. And when the king saw this he alighted, and stript off all his rich arms and the furniture thereof, and took off his crown from his head, and threw them all into the quagmire, saying, Of earth was I made, and even so are all my deeds like unto mud and mire. Therefore my pomp and vanity shall be buried in this mud till it has all returned again to earth, as I myself must do. And the vile end which I have deserved will beseem me well, seeing that I have been the principal cause of this great cruelty. And as he thus stript off all his rich apparel, he cast the shoes from his feet, and went his way, and wan-

dered on towards Portugal; and he travelled so far that night and the day following, that he came to a hermitage near the sea, where there was a good man who had dwelt there serving God for full forty years; and now he was of great age, for he was well nigh a hundred years old. And he entered into the hermitage, and found a crucifix therein, being the image of our Lord Jesus Christ, even as he was crucified, and for the remembrance of Him, he bent both his knees to the ground, and claspt his hands, weeping and confessing his sins before God, for he weened not that any man in the world saw or heard him. And he said thus, O true Lord who by thy word hast made all the world from nothing which it was, and hast created all things, those which are visible to men, and those which are invisible, the heavenly as well as the earthly, and who didst incarnate thyself that thou mightest undergo thy passion and death, to save those who firmly put their trust in thee, giving up thy holy ghost from thy glorified body upon the tree of the true cross, — and who didst descend into Hell, and deliveredst thy friends from thence, and didst regale them with the glory of Heaven: And afterwards thy holy spirit came again into that most holy body, which thou wast pleased to take upon thee in this world; and, manifesting thyself for the true God which thou wert, thou didst deign to abide in this dark

world forty days with their nights, and then thou didst ascend into thy heavenly glory, and didst enlighten with the grace of the Holy Ghost thy beloved disciples. I beseech thee, O Lord, that thou wouldst enlighten me a king in tribulation, wretched and full of many sins, and deserving all evils; let not the soul which is thine, and which cost thee so dear, receive the evil and the desert of this abominable flesh; and may it please thee, O Lord, after the downfall, destruction, perdition, and desolation, which I, a miserable king, have suffered in this world, that my disconsolate soul may not be forgotten by thee, and that all this misery may be in satisfaction for my errors. And I earnestly beseech thee, O Lord, that thy grace may breathe upon me, that in this world I may make satisfaction for my sins, so that at the Great Day of Judgment I may not be condemned to the torments of hell.

"Having said these words, weeping as though he would burst, he remained there a long hour. And when the Hermit heard him say all this, he was greatly astonished, and he went unto him. And when the King saw him he was little pleased; howbeit after he had talked with him, he would rather have found him there than have been restored again to the great honour which he had lost; for

the Hermit comforted him in such wise in this his tribulation, that he was right well contented; and he confessed unto him, and told him all that concerned him. And the Hermit said to him, King, thou shalt remain in this hermitage, which is a remote place, and where thou mayest lead thy life as long as it shall please God. And for me, on the third day from hence, I shall pass away out of this world; and thou shalt bury me, and thou shalt take my garments, and fulfil the time of a year in this hermitage. Take no thought as to provision for thy support, for every Friday thou shalt have it after the same manner as I, and thou shalt so husband it, that it may suffice thee for the whole week; That flesh which hath been fostered in great delight shall suffer abstinence, lest it should grow proud; and thou shalt endure hunger and cold and thirst in the love of our Lord, that he may have compassion upon thee. Thy station till the hour of sleep must always be upon that rock, where there is an oratory facing the east; and thou shalt continue the service of God in such manner as God will direct thee to do. And take heed that thy soul fall not into temptation. And since thou hast spoken this day of penitence, to-morrow thou shalt communicate and receive the true body of our Lord Jesus Christ, who will be thy protection and support against the enemy and the persecutor. And put

thou thy firm trust in the sign of the Cross; and thus shalt thou please thy Saviour.

" Many other things the holy Hermit said, which made the King right joyful to hear them; and there they continued till it was the hour for sleep. And the holy Hermit shewed him his bed, and said, When I shall have left thy company, thou wilt follow the ways which I have followed, for which our Lord will have mercy upon thee, and will extend his hand over thee, that thou mayest persevere in good, and in his holy service. And then they laid down and slept till it was the hour of matins, when they should both arise. And the Hermit awoke him, for as the King had not slept for a long time, and was moreover full weary, he would not have awaked so soon, if the Hermit had not roused him; and they said their hours. And when it was time the Hermit said mass, and the King heard it with great devotion, and communicated with great contrition, and remained in prayer for the space of two hours. And the hour for taking food came, and the Hermit took a loaf which was made of pannick and of rye, and gave half thereof to the King, and took for himself the other half: And they ate little of it, as men who could not eat more, the one by reason of age, and the other because he was not used to such fare.

And thus they continued till the third day, when the holy Hermit departed this life."

Ch. 239. — *How the Hermit died, and the King found a writing in his hand.*

"On the third day, the pious Hermit expired at the same hour which he had said to the King, whereat the King was full sorrowful, as one who took great consolation in the lessons which he gave. And when he had thus deceased, the King by himself, with his hands, and with an oaken stick which was there, made his grave. And when he was about to bury him, he found a writing in his hand; and he took it and opened it, and found that it contained these words.

Ch. 240. — *Of the rule of life which the Hermit left written for King Don Rodrigo.*

"O King, who through thy sins has lost the great honour in which thou wert placed, take heed that thy soul also come not into the same judgment which hath fallen upon thy flesh. And receive into thy heart the instructions

that I shall give thee now, and see that thou swerve not from them, nor abatest them a jot; for if thou observest them not, or departest in ought from them, thou wilt bring damnation upon thy soul; for all that thou shalt find in this writing is given thee for penance, and thou must learn with great contrition of repentance, and with humbleness of patience, to be content with that which God hath given thee to suffer in this world. And that thou mayest not be deceived in case any company should come unto thee, mark and observe this and pass it in thy life. Thou shalt arise two hours after midnight, and say thy matins within the hermitage. When the day breaks thou shalt go to the oratory, and kneeling upon the ground, say the whole hours by the breviary, and when thou hast finished them thou shalt say certain prayers of our Lord, which thou wilt find there. And when thou hast done this, contemplate then upon the great power of our Lord, and upon his mercy, and also upon the most holy passion which he suffered for mankind upon the cross, being himself very God, and maker of all things; and how with great humility he chose to be incarnate in a poor virgin, and not to come as a king, but as a mediator among the nations. And contemplate also upon the poor life which he always led in this world, to give us an example; and that he will come at the day of judgment to

judge the quick and the dead, and give to every one the meed which he hath deserved. Then shalt thou give sustenance to thy flesh of that bread of pannick and rye, which shall be brought to thee every Friday in the manner that I have said; and of other food thou shalt not eat, although it should be given or sent thee; neither shalt thou change thy bread. And when thou hast eaten give thanks to God, because he has let thee come to repentance; and then thou shalt go to the oratory, and there give praise to the Virgin our Lady holy Mary, mother of God, in such manner as shall come to thee in devotion. If when thou hast finished, heaviness should come upon thee, thou mayest sleep, and when thou shalt have rested as long as is reasonable, return thou to thy oratory, and there remain, making thy prayers always upon thy knees, and for nothing which may befall thee depart thou from thence, till thou hast made an end of thy prayers, whether it rain or snow, or if a tempest should blow. And forasmuch as the flesh could sustain so many mundane pleasures, so must it suffer also celestial abstinences; two masses thou hast heard in this hermitage, and in it it is God's will that thou shalt hear no more, for more would not be to his service. And if thou observest these things, God will have compassion upon thy deserts. And when the King had read this, he laid

it upon the altar, in a place where it would be well preserved."

Ch. 241.—*How the Devil came in the form of a Hermit to deceive the King Don Rodrigo.*

"Now when the King had made a grave in which to bury the Hermit, the Devil was troubled at the good course which the King had taken, and he cast about for means how he might deceive him; and he found none so certain as to come to him in the figure of a hermit, and keep company with him, to turn him aside from those doctrines which the Hermit had given him, that he might not fulfil his penitence. And the King being in great haste to bury the body, the Devil came to him with a long white beard, and a great hood over the eyes, and some paternosters hanging from his girdle, and supporting himself upon a staff as though he were lame, and could not go. And when he came where the King was he humbled himself, and said unto him, Peace be with thee! And the King turned toward that side from which he came, and when he saw him of so great age, he thought that it was some holy man who knew of the death of the Hermit, and was come to bury him; and he

humbled himself, and went toward him to kiss his hand, and the Devil would not, saying, It is not fitting that a King should kiss the hand of a poor servant of God. And the King was astonished at hearing himself named, and believed that this must needs be a man of holy life, and that he spake by some revelation; nevertheless he said, I am not a king, but a miserable sinner, for whom it had been better never to have been born, than that so much evil should have happened through me. And the false Hermit said to him, Think not that thou hast so much fault as thou imaginest in what has now been done, for even if thou hadst had no part in it, this destruction would have fallen at this time. And since it was ordained that it should be so, the fault is not thine; some fault thou hadst, but it was very little. And think not that I speak this of myself; for my words are those of a spirit made and created by the will of God, who speaks through me this and many other things, which hereafter thou shalt know, that thou mayest see how God has given me power that I should know all thy concerns, and counsel thee in what manner thou shouldst live. And albeit I have more need of rest than of labour, by reason of my age, which is far greater than my countenance shows, yet I have disposed myself to labour for the love of thee, to console thee in this thy per-

secution, knowing that this good man was about to die. Of a truth you may believe that on this day month I was in Rome, being there in the church of St. John de Lateran, out of which I had never gone for thirty years, till I came now to keep thee company according as I am commanded. Marvel not that a man of so great age and crippled as I am, should have been able to traverse so much land in so short time, for certes I tell thee that he who speaks in this form which thou seest, has given me strength to go through so great a journey; and sans doubt I feel myself as strong now as on the day when I set forth. And the King said to him, Friend of God, I rejoice much in thy coming, for that in my misfortunes I shall be by thee consoled and instructed in that which must be done to fulfil my penitence; I rejoice also that this holy Hermit here shall receive burial from the hands of a man much more righteous than I. And the false Hermit said, Think not, King, that it is for the service of God to give to any person a name not appertaining to him, And this I say because I well know the life of this person, what it was; and as thou knowest nothing of celestials, thou thinkest that as the tongue speaketh, even such is the heart. But I tell thee the habit doth not make the monk, and it is from such persons as these that the saying arose which is common in the world, I

would have justice, but not for my own house. This I say to thee, because he commanded thee to perform a penance such as never man did, the which is, that thou shouldst eat only once a day, and that of such bread that even the shepherds' dogs would not eat it; and of this that thou shouldst not eat as much as thou couldst; and appointed thee the term of a year that thou shouldst continue in this diet. Also he commanded thee that thou shouldst not hear mass during the time that thou abidest here, for that the two masses which thou hast heard should suffice; look now if that doctrine be good, which bids a man forget the holy sacrament! Certes I tell that only for that which he commanded thee to observe, his soul is consigned to a place where I would not that thine should go for all the world, if it were in my power, with all its riches. Nevertheless, to be rid of the ill smell which he would give, it is fit that you should bury him, and while you do this I will go for food. And the King said, Friend of God, do not take this trouble, but remain still, and before noon there will come food, which will suffice for you and for me; help me now to give burial to this good man, which will be much for the service of God, although he may have been a sinner. And the false Hermit answered, King, it would be less evil to roll him over these rocks into the sea; but if not, let

him lie thus upon the earth till the birds and the beasts devour his flesh. And the King marvelled at this: nevertheless though he believed that this false Hermit was a servant of God, he left not for that to bury the good Hermit who there lay without life, and he began by himself to carry him to the grave which he had made. And as he was employed in burying him, he saw that the false Hermit went away over the mountains at a great rate, not as one who was a cripple, but like a stout man and a young; and he marvelled what this might mean.

Ch. 242. — *How King Don Rodrigo informed himself concerning the penance which he was to perform, from the writing which the holy Hermit left him.*

"When the King had finished burying the good servant of God, he went to the altar, and took the writing in his hand, and read it to inform himself well of it. And when he had read it, he saw that of a certainty all that was said therein was for the service of God, and was of good doctrine for his soul; and he said, that, according to the greatness of his sins, it behoved that his penitence must be severe, if he wished to save his soul. And then he called to mind the life which St. Mary Mag-

dalene endured, for which God had mercy on her. And forthwith he went to his oratory, and began his prayers; and he remained there till it was near noon; and he knew that he had nothing to eat, and awaited till it should be brought him.

Ch. 243. — *How the Devil brought meat to King Don Rodrigo that he should eat it; and he would only eat of the Hermit's bread.*

"After it was mid-day the false Hermit came with a basket upon his shoulders, and went straight to where the King was, and he came sweating and weary. And the King had compassion on him, howbeit he said nothing, neither did he leave his prayers. And the false Hermit said to him, King, make an end of thy prayers, for it is time to eat; and here I bring food. And the King lifted up his eyes and looked toward him, and he saw that there came into the hermitage a shepherd with a wallet upon his back, and he thought this must be he who brought him that which he was to eat. And so in truth it was, that that shepherd brought every Friday four loaves of pannick and rye for the holy Hermit, upon which he lived during the week. And as this shepherd

knew not that the good man was dead, he did no more than put his bread upon the altar, and go his way. And the King, when he had ceased praying, rose up from the oratory, and went to the false Hermit. And he found the four loaves, and he took one, and brake it in the middle, and laid by the rest carefully, and he went out of the hermitage into the Portal, where there was a table full small, and he laid a cloth upon it, and the bread which he was to eat, and the water; and he began to bless the table, and then seated himself. And the false Hermit noted well how he blest the table, and arose from where he was, and went to the King, and said, King take of this poor fare which I have brought, and which has been given me in alms. And he took out two loaves which were full white, and a roasted partridge, and a fowl, of which the legs were wanting; and he placed it upon the table. And when the King saw it, his eyes were filled with tears, for he could not but call to mind his great honour in former times, and how it was now fallen, and that his table had never before been served like this. And he said, addressing himself to the Lord, Praised be thy name, thou who canst make the high low, and the low nothing. And he turned to his bread and did eat thereof. And though he had great hunger, yet could he scarcely eat thereof, for he had never used it till in that her-

mitage, and now it seemed worse by reason of the white bread which that false Hermit had brought. And the false Hermit, who saw that he gave no regard neither to the bread, nor the meat which he had brought, said to the King, Why eatest thou not of this which God has sent thee? and the King said, I came not to this hermitage to serve God, but to do penance for my sins, that my soul may not be lost. And the penance which is given me in this life, I must observe for a year and not depart from it, lest it should prove to my great hurt. And the false Hermit said, How, King, hath it been given thee for penance, that thou shouldst let thyself die for despair? The Gospel commands not so; contrariwise it forbids man to do any such penance through which the body might be brought to death; for if in killing another, he who causes the death is held for a murderer, much more is he who killeth himself; and such thou wouldst be. And now through despair thou wouldst let thyself die of hunger, that thou mightest no longer live in this world, wherefore I say eat of this food that I have brought thee some little, that thou mayest not die. And with that he began to eat right heartily. And the King, when he beheld him, was seized with affection to do the like, howbeit he was withheld, and would eat nothing thereof. And as it was time when he would drink of the

water, the false Hermit said to him, that he should drink of the wine; and the King would only taste of that water; and as he went to take of it, the false Hermit struggled with him, but he could not prevail, and the King did according to his rule, and departed not from it. And when he had eaten, he began to give thanks to God. And the false Hermit, who saw that he would have to cross himself at arising from the table, rose up before him, as one who was about to do something; and the King heeded it not. And when he had thus eaten, he went to the oratory, and began to give praises to the Virgin Mary, according as the good man had commanded him; when that traitor went to him and said, Certes this doctrine which thou holdest is no way to serve God, for sans doubt when the stomach is heated with food the will shall have no power to pray as it ought; and although the tongue may say the prayers, the heart confirms them not, being hindered by the force which nature derives from the food. Therefore I say to thee that thou oughtest to sleep first; for whilst thou art sleeping the food will settle, and the will will then be more able for contemplation. Moreover, God is not pleased with prayers without contrition, as with one who speaketh of one thing, and hath his heart placed on another, so that he can give no faith to the words which he beginneth.

If thou wouldest be saved, O King, it behoves thee to listen to me; and if thou wilt not believe me, I will depart and leave thee, as one who will take no counsel, except from himself. And the King replied, If I should see that thou confirmedst the good manner of life whereof my soul hath need, according as it was appointed by the good man whom I have buried, then would I follow thy way. But I see that thy life is not that of a man of abstinence, nor of one who forsakes worldly enjoyments for the love of God; rather it seemeth by what I see in thee that thy life is a strengthening of worldly glory; for thou satisfiest thy flesh with good viands as I was wont to do, when I was puffed up with the vanities of the world. Wherefore I will in no wise follow thy way, for I see that thou art a worldly man, who deceivest God and the world, and when it comes to the end thou thyself wilt be deceived.

Ch. 244. — *Of what the Devil said to King Don Rodrigo to dispart him from his penance.*

"The false Hermit said to him, For what reason art thou certain that the rule which this deceiver whom thou hast buried appointed for thee, will be salvation for thy

soul, and that what I say to thee is not of a truth? Thou understandest me not well: I never forbade thee that thou shouldst hear mass, as he has done; for this is one of the good things that man may every day see his Saviour and adore him. And seeing that he forbade thee to do this, thou mayest be certain that as he deceived his own soul, he would deceive thine also. For at the hour when man passeth away out of the world, he would fain that that same hour should be the end of all the world; and thus that enemy did, for where he went, thither he would draw thee also. Now since God hath given thee sense and reason, thou mayest clearly understand that his counsel and doctrine are deceitful, and what thou oughtest to do.

Ch. 245. — *Of the Reply which the King made to the Devil.*

" Sans doubt, said the King, he forbade me not that I should hear mass; but because he commanded me that I should fulfil my penance here for the term of a year, as he knew the hour of his own death, so also he knew that no other person who could say mass would come to this hermitage within the year; and, therefore, he said to

me, that in this hermitage I should not hear mass, but he never forbade me from hearing it.

Ch. 246. — *Of the Reasoning which the false Hermit made to King Don Rodrigo.*

"The false Hermit said, Now thou thyself manifestest that he was not so worthy as a man ought to be who knows that which is to come. For according to thy words, he knew not that I should come here, who can say mass if I please; and if there be good judgment in thee, thou wilt understand that I must needs be nearer to God, because I know all which he had commanded thee to do, and also how he was to die. And I can know better in what place he is, than he who has commanded thee to observe this rule, knew concerning himself while he was here. But this I tell thee, that as I came to teach thee the way in which thou shouldst live, and thou wilt not follow my directions, I will return as I came. And now I marvel not at any thing which has befallen thee, for thou hast a right stubborn heart; hard and painful wilt thou find the way of thy salvation, and in vain wilt thou do all this, for it is a thing which profiteth nothing.

Ch. 247. — *Of the Reply which King Don Rodrigo made to the false Hermit.*

" Good man, said the King, all that thou shalt command me to do beyond the rule which the holy Hermit appointed me, that will I do; that in which my penance may be more severe, willingly will I do it. But in other manner I will not take thy counsel; and as thou hast talked enough of this, leave me, therefore, to my prayers. And then the King bent his knees, and began to go on with his rule. And the false Hermit when he saw this, departed, and returned not again for a month; and all that time the King maintained his penance, in the manner which had been appointed him. And by reason that he ate only of that black bread, and drank only water, his flesh fell away, and he became such that there was not a man in the world who would have known him. Thus he remained in the hermitage, thinking of no other thing than to implore the mercy of God that he would pardon him.

Ch. 248. — *Of what the false Hermit said to King Don Rodrigo to dispart him from his rule.*

" King Don Rodrigo living thus, one day, between midnight and dawn, the false Hermit came to the hermitage; and not in the same figure as before, but appearing more youthful, so that he would not be known. And he called at the door, and the King looked who it might be, and saw that he was habited like a servant of God, and he opened the door forthwith. And they saluted each other. And when they saw each other, the false Hermit greeted the King, and demanded of him where the father was; and the King answered, that for more than a month there had been no person dwelling there save himself. And the false Hermit, when he heard this, made semblance as if he were afflicted with exceeding grief, and said, How came this to be, for it is not yet six weeks since I came here and confessed my sins to the father who abode here, and then departed from this hermitage to my own, which is a league from hence? And King Don Rodrigo said, Friend, know that this Hermit is now in Paradise, as I believe, and I buried him with my own hands: and he showed him the place where he lay. And when he went there he began to kiss the

earth of the grave, and to make great dole and lamentation over him. And when some half hour had past, he withdrew, making semblance as if he wished to say his hours. And before the King had finished to say his, he came to him, and said, Good man, will you say mass? And the King answered, that he never said it. Then, said the false Hermit, Hear me then in penitence, for I would confess. And the King seeing that it was for the service of God to hear him in penitence, they seated themselves both at the foot of the altar. And when the false Hermit spake, it appeared that he had no sin to confess: for he began to relate many great services which he had done to God, as well in the life which he led as in other things. And before the King could absolve him he rose up, and asked if things were ready for the mass. And the King said that he knew not, and bade him look. It was now time that he should go to his oratory. And the false Hermit asked him that he should assist him in saying mass, and then he should hear it. And the King said, that for nothing in the world would he leave to fulfil his penance, according as it had been appointed him: and he went to his oratory. And the false Hermit made as if he put on the vestments and all the ornaments, and began to say mass, to the end that he might de-

ceive the King, and make him cease to observe his penance, and come to adore the mass. And he made a watery cloud arise, so that it rained heavily where the King was. And when he saw that he could in no ways entice him, then he went to him, and said, Good man, for that you may be placed out of danger in cases which at all times will happen, seeing that you are alone, I have consecrated the body of Jesus Christ, that you may adore it every day, since you may not hear mass; and thus you may fulfil your penance as a faithful Christian. And with that he dispeeded himself, saying, In the coffer upon the altar you will find the Corpus Christi: when you rise from hence go and adore it. When he had said this, he went his way. And the King believed that what he said was true, and held that he was a good man, and of holy life."

Ch. 249. — *How the Holy Ghost visited King Don Rodrigo.*

"Now when the King had ended his prayers, which he used to say every day before he took his food, he saw a good man come towards him, clad in white garments, and with a fresh countenance and a cheerful, and a cross

upon his breast. And as he arrived where the King was, he blest him; and when the King saw him he perceived that it was a revelation of God, and he joined his hands and placed himself on his knees upon the ground, weeping plentifully. And the holy man said, King, who art desirous of heavenly glory, continue the service which thou art performing for the love of my holy name; and take heed lest the enemy overcome thee, as he who many times hath overcome thee, whereby thou hast come to what thou now art. And believe none of all those who may come to thee here, for they come for no other cause but only to deceive thee, and withdraw thee from the service which thou dost me. And always observe the rule given thee by the holy man whom thou buriedst; for I am content with it, and thy soul shall receive refreshment if thou observest it. Come here, and I will show thee how the Devil thought to deceive thee, that thou mightest adore him. Then the King arose and went, alway upon his knees, following the Holy Spirit of God; and when he was within the hermitage, our Lord spake and said, Depart from hence, thou cursed one, and go thy way, for thou hast no power to deceive him who continues in my service. Get thee to the infernal pains which are suffered by those who are in the ninth torment! And at that hour the King plainly saw how from

the ark, which was upon the altar, there went out a foul and filthy devil, with more than fifty tails and as many eyes, who, uttering great yells, departed from the place. And the King was greatly dismayed at the manner in which the false Hermit had deceived him. And the Holy Spirit of God said to him, King, let thy hope be in my name, and I will alway be with thee, so thou wilt not let thyself be vanquished by the enemy. Then the Holy Spirit of God departed, and the King remained full joyful and greatly comforted, as if he had been in celestial glory. And thus he continued his life for nearly two months.

Ch. 250.—*How the Devil would have deceived King Don Rodrigo in the figure of Count Don Julian.*

"The King was in his oratory one Sunday toward night-fall, just as the sun was setting, when he saw a man coming toward him, clad in such guise as is fitting for one who follows arms. And as he looked at him, he saw that it was the Count Don Julian who approached; and he saw that behind him there came a great power of armed people. And the false Count, when he drew nigh, made obeisance to him; and the King was amazed at seeing

him, for he knew him well: nevertheless he remained still. And the false Count came to him, and would have kissed his hand, but the King would not give it, neither would he rise up from the oratory: and the false Count knelt upon the ground before him, and said, Sir, forasmuch as I am he who sinned against thee like a man who is a traitor to his Lord, and as I did it with great wrath and fury, which possessed my heart through the strength of the Devil, our Lord God hath had compassion upon me, and would not that I should be utterly lost, nor that Spain should be destroyed, nor that thou, sir, shouldst be put down from thy great honour and state, and the great lordship which thou hadst in Spain. And he has shewn me, in a revelation, how thou wert here in this hermitage doing this great penance for thy sins. Wherefore I say to thee, that thou shouldst do justice upon me, and take vengeance according to thy will, as upon one who deserves it, for I acknowledge that thou wert my lord, and also the great treason into which I have fallen. Wherefore, sir, I pray and beseech thee by the one only God, that thou wilt take the power of Spain, which is there awaiting thee, and that thou wilt go forth to defend the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, and suffer not that poor Spain should be utterly destroyed, seeing that thou canst defend it and protect it. And then Count Julian drew

his sword, and gave it to the King, saying, Sir, take this my sword, and with thine own hand do justice upon me, and take such vengeance as thou pleasest; for I will suffer it with much patience, seeing I have sinned against thee. And the King was greatly troubled at his sight, and at his words also, and knew not what he should do, neither what he should say. Howbeit, presently he called to mind what the Holy Spirit of God had said to him, how he should take heed lest the Devil should subdue him; and so he said nothing, but continued in his prayer. And the false Count Don Julian said to him, Sir, wilt thou not turn for the Holy Faith of Jesus Christ, which is utterly going to destruction? rise up and defend it, for I bring thee a full great power; and thus thou wilt serve God and recover the honour which thou hadst lost. Rise then and go forth, and have pity upon miserable Spain, which is about to be lost; and have compassion also upon so many people as are perishing for want of a Lord who should defend them. Now all these words were only meant to deceive him, for it was the Devil who had taken the form of Count Don Julian, and not the Count himself. But the King could no longer restrain himself from replying, and he said, Go you, Count, and defend the land with this force which you have assembled, even as you went to destroy it by the great treason which you

committed against me and against God. And even as you brought the men, who are enemies of God and of his Holy Faith, and led them into Spain, so now thrust them out and defend it; for I will neither slay you, nor assist you in it. Leave me to myself; I am no longer for the world, for here I will do penance for my sins. Urge me, therefore, no more with these reasons. And the false Count Don Julian rose, and went to the great company which he had brought there, and brought them all before the King. And the King, when he beheld that great company of knights, saw some among them whom he surely thought had been slain in battle. And they all said to him with loud voices, Sir, whom wilt thou send us, that we may take him for our King and Lord to protect and defend us, seeing that thou wilt not defend the land, neither go with us? Wouldst thou give us thy nephew the Infant Don Sancho? He is dead. What then wouldst thou command us that we should do? Look to it well, sir; it is no service of God that thou shouldst let perish so great a Christianity as is every day perishing, because thou art here dwelling in this solitude. Look to it, for God will require an account at thy hands: thou hadst the charge of defending them, and thou lettest them die. And tell us what course shall we take. And when the King heard these words he was moved to compassion:

and the tears came into his eyes, so that he could not restrain them: and he was in such state that his thoughts failed him, and he was silent, and made no reply to any thing that they could say. And all these companies who saw him complained so much the more, and sent forth great cries, and made a great tumult, and uproar, and said, O miserable King, why wilt thou not rouse thyself for thy own sake, and for that of all thy people whom thou seest without a Lord; and thou wilt not even speak a word to comfort them, and tell them what they shall do. And all this while the King did nothing but weep, and answered them never a word. And when this vile race saw that they could not take him from thence, and that he answered them nothing, and that they could not overcome him by whatever they might do, they went forthwith from the mountain down into a plain, which was then made to appear before the King, and there they drew up their battles in such guise as the King Don Roderigo was used to darrain them. And eft-soon he saw great multitudes of strange people, who came from the other side, and they began a battle so fierce and so cruel, that the King thought he had never seen one like it. And the one party put the other to the worst, and followed after them in pursuit. And then there came messengers to the King, telling him that his

people had conquered, and had slain many of the enemy; but the King was confounded, and as it were beside himself, and heeded not, neither did he know what they said, and he answered nothing. And then they all went away, and seemed to the King that the one were pursuing the others, and this continued till the first crowing of the cock. And the King recovered his senses: howbeit he knew not whether it was a vision, or if it had indeed happened; but he called to mind that he had not compleated the prayers which he made every day; and he began them again and finished them. And when he had finished, great part of the night was past, and he laid himself down to sleep. And then for three months he had no other temptation."

Ch. 251.— *How the Devil, in the Figure of La Cava, the Daughter of Count Don Julian, sought to deceive King Don Rodrigo.*

"The King was saying his prayers at the hour of vespers on a Tuesday, when he saw people on horseback coming toward him: and as they were about the reach of a cross-bow from him, he saw that they alighted, and that there came toward him a woman, who was full nobly clad; and when she came near, he knew her that she

was La Cava, the daughter of Count Don Julian, and she seemed to him more beautiful than he had ever before seen her in his life. And when she drew nigh she humbled herself, and said, Sir, what fortune has brought you to this wretched life in which you have so long continued? And the King held his peace and said nothing. And that false Cava said, Sir, it is a month since a holy man, clad in white garments, and having a red cross upon his breast, appeared to me when I was with my father Count Don Julian in Toledo; where he now holds the seat of the lordship of Spain, as he who, by force of arms, has subdued the Moors, and killed or made captives of them all. At the hour when this holy man appeared to me I was alone in my chamber, having great sorrow in my heart, because I had no certain news where you was, and whether your soul continued to live in this world, or in another. And, moreover, I was full sorrowful, because of the death of my Lady the Queen Eliaca, your wife, who is now deceased. And for these things my heart was full sorrowful, and in great trouble with griefs and thoughts, which came to me I know not from whence, and I was like one bereft of his judgment. And while I was contemplating in this state, the holy man appeared to me in such wise as I have said, and said to me, Of what art thou taking thought? Cease to la-

ment, for without me thou canst do nothing certain of that which thou desirest. But that the dominion of Spain may not pass away from the power of the Goths, and that he who shall have it may descend from thy seed, and be of the generation of King Don Rodrigo, it is my will that thou shouldst know where he is, and that thou shouldst go to him, and that he should go in unto thee, and that thou shouldst conceive of him a son, and shalt call his name Felbersan, the which shall be such a one that he shall reduce under his forces all the earth which is below the firmament. Depart, therefore, from hence, and go to the place where he is, and make no tarriance: for thus it behoveth for the service of God, and for the weal and protection and defence of the land. And I said to him, Sir, how can this be which you tell me, seeing that King Don Rodrigo is dead; for his enemies slew him when they won the battle in which the great chivalry of Spain perished. And he said to me, Cava, think not he is dead, for he liveth, and passeth his life alone in a hermitage; of the which thy father Count Don Julian will certify thee, for he went to seek him there, and found him there when he overcame the Moors. He will tell thee that he is alive, and in what place is the hermitage wherein he abideth. And I said to him, But if King Don Rodrigo passeth his life after this manner

in the service of God, he will not approach me that I may conceive of him this son who should prove so good. And since it thus pleases you, give me a sign by which I may shew him that this is pleasing to God, and that he may do this which you say, seeing so great good is to follow from it. And, moreover, he will be brought to such weakness that he will not be able to obey, by reason of the great abstinence to which his body has been subjected during his continuance there. And the holy man said to me, Care not for this, for God will give him strength; and thou shalt say to him for a sign that he may believe thee, how I told him that he should take heed lest the enemy deceive him, and how I bade the Devil depart from the altar where he was in the ark instead of the Corpus Christi, for that he should adore him. When thou tellest him this he will believe thee, and will understand that it is by the command of God. And when he had said these words he disappeared, so that I saw him no more; and I remained for a full hour, being greatly comforted, because I knew of your life, so that it seemed to me there were no other glory in this world. And when I came to myself, I went incontinently to my father Count Don Julian, and told him all that had befallen me with the holy man who came in that holy vision; and I asked him if he knew aught concerning you.

And he told me how he had gone to you with all his chivalry to bid you come out from thence to defend your country, which the enemies had taken from you, and that you would not; but rather commended it to him that he should undertake it, and defend the land and govern it; and that it grieved him to think that you would not be alive, because of the great abstinence which you imposed every day upon your flesh: nevertheless, since it pleases our Lord that I should have a son by you, who should be so good a man that he should recover all Spain, he would have me go to this place, where I should find you if you were alive; and right content would he be that there should remain of you so great good. And I, sir King, seeing how it pleased God that this should be accomplished, according as I have said, am come here in secret, for neither man nor woman knoweth of this, save my father Count Don Julian; for I have told my people who came with me to remain yonder, because I would go and confess to a holy man who had made his abode here more than fifty years. Now, since God is the author of this, recover yourself, and remember the time when you told me that there was nothing in the world which you loved so much as me, nor which you desired so greatly as to obtain a promise of me; the which I could not give at that hour, by reason that the Queen was living, and I

knew it to be great sin. And if I come to you now, it is by command of God, for it pleases him to send me here; and, also, because the Queen is no longer in this present life. And because you are so fallen away of your strength, let us go into the hermitage, or I will order a tent to be placed here, and let us sup together, that your heart may revive and you may fulfil the command of God."

Ch. 252.—*How the Devil would have deceived King Don Rodrigo, if the Holy Spirit had not visited and protected him.*

"As the King heard all this his whole body began to tremble, and his soul within him also; and all sense and power past away from him, so that he was in a trance, and then it was revealed to him that he should take heed against that temptation. And the false Cava, who saw him thus entranced, made many burning torches of wax come there, by reason that it was cold, and because that the King should derive heat; also there was a pavilion pitched there, and a table set within it with many viands thereon, and all the people who came with her were seen to lodge themselves far away upon the mountain. And

when he had recovered himself, he saw that the false Cava was drest in a close-fitting kirtle, which came half way below the knee, and she seemed to him the fairest woman that he had ever seen in his life, and it appeared to the King that she said to him, Here, sir, come and take your supper. And the King began again to tremble and lose his judgment, and fell into such a state that he knew not where he was, and it was revealed to him in that hour that he should guard against the temptation. And when he came to himself he saw that the pavilion was spread over his head; and seeing himself in that place, he looked for the oratory, and perceived that it was where it used to be; and within the pavilion he saw the false Cava, who was there with him, and that she was standing beside a bed, which was a full rich one, and that she began to take off her kirtle, and remained in her shift only, and with her long hair, which reached to her feet; and she said to him, See, sir, here in your power, that which you most desired, and which is now awaiting you. Rejoice, then, and take heart, and do that which God has appointed, which will recover Spain, and recompense the losses, and sorrows, and wrongs which you have endured. And then she turned toward the King, for the Devil thought thus to tempt him, and make him break the penance which he had begun; and certes I ween

there was no living man who would not right gladly have approached her. And then before him, in his sight, she began to comb and to plait her golden locks. And the King, seeing how beautiful she was, began to tremble all over, as if he had been struck with palsy; and he lost his judgment again, and became entranced, and remained thus a long while before he came again to himself. And it was revealed to him again that he should take heed how the Devil tempted him, and that he should have firm hope in God, and not break the penance which the holy Hermit had appointed him. But ever when he recovered from these trances, he forgot all which had been revealed to him while he was entranced; and now he found that there was a large *estrado* placed by him, and that La Cava was lying there beside him on some pillows, which were richly wrought in gold, undrest, as he had seen her, and that she said to him, Come, sir, for you tarry long, and it will soon be day-break. And the King seeing her so near him, then he was greatly troubled, yet could he not withdraw his eyes from her: but he called to mind how the Holy Spirit of God had bade him that he should always confide in his name, and place his true hope in the sign of the Cross. And he clapt his hands, and lifted them towards Heaven, and weeping bitterly, and in great contrition, he said, O Lord and very Jesus

Christ, deliver me from all temptation, and preserve my soul, that it fall not into perdition. And while he was praying thus, he saw how there came from the hermitage a great brightness, and he said, Deliver me, Lord, from the power of the Devil, that I may not be deceived, nor withdrawn from thy holy service. And at that hour he made the sign of the cross upon his forehead, and blest himself; and at that hour the false Cava fell down the rock into the sea, with such a sound as if the whole world were falling to pieces, and with the plunge which she made the sea dashed up so high, that where the oratory was the King was wetted with the spray. And he remained in such astonishment that he could not for an hour recover himself. And when he came to himself he began to pray with great repentance, as if he had been on the point of falling into temptation. And the Holy Spirit of God came to him in that same manner in which he had seen it the former time. And he fell on his face upon the ground, and began to lament full bitterly, and to say, Lord, have mercy upon my soul, and forsake me not among mine enemies, who would withdraw me from thee. And the Holy Spirit said to him, O King, of little faith, how hast thou been on the point of perishing! And the King made no reply, for he did nothing but weep. And the Holy Spirit of God said to him, Take

heed, King, lest the Devil deceive thee, and have power over thee, that thou shouldst not fulfil the penance which thou hast commenced, neither save thy soul. And the King lifted up his countenance, and had great shame to behold him. Howbeit he took courage, and said, Lord, have mercy upon me, and let me not be tempted by the enemy, for my heart is weak, and hath no power to defend itself against the false one: for my judgment is clean confounded, as one who hath no virtue if he be not aided by thy grace. Deliver me, Lord, for thy holy mercy and compassion: my salvation cannot come through the strength of my heart, for it is wholly full of fear, like a thing which is overcome. And the Holy Spirit of God said to him, Take courage and fear not, for thou shalt depart from this place sooner than thou thinkest. And when it is time I will guide thee to the place where thou shalt do thy penance, that thy soul may receive salvation. When thou shalt see a little white cloud appear above thee, and that there is no other in the sky, follow after it: and in the place where it shall stop shalt thou fulfil thy penance, according as the chief priest in that place shall appoint it thee. And take heart, and alway call to mind my holy name, and have true faith and constant hope in thy Saviour. And when he had said this he departed. And the King was greatly comforted and full of grace, as one

with whom God was present in his mercy. And he abode in the hermitage a whole year, according to his reckoning, and twelve days more. And one day, when it was full clear, the King looked up and saw above him the cloud of which the Holy Spirit of God had told him; and when he saw it he was full joyful, and gave many thanks to God. Nevertheless the King did not rise from his prayers, neither did the cloud move from above him. And when he had finished his prayers he looked at the cloud, and saw that it moved forward."

Ch. 253. — *How King Don Rodrigo departed from the Hermitage, and arrived where he was to do Penance.*

" The King arose from the oratory and followed the cloud; and so great was the pleasure which he had, that he cared not for food, neither remembered it, but went after that his holy guide. And at night he saw how the cloud, when the sun was about to set, turned to the right of the road toward the mountains; and it went on so far, that before night had closed it came to a hermitage, in which there was a good man for a Hermit, who was more than ninety years of age, and there it stopt. And the King perceived that he was to rest there, and the good man welcomed the King, and they spake together of

many things. And the King was well contented with his speech, and saw that certes he was a servant of God. And all that day the King had not eaten, and he was barefoot, and his raiment tattered: and as he had not been used to travel a-foot, and with his feet bare, his feet were swoln with blisters. And when it was an hour after night, the hermit gave him a loaf, full small, which was made of rye, and there were ashes kneaded with it, and the king ate it: and when he had eaten they said prayers. And when they had said their hours, they lay down to sleep. And when it was midnight they arose and said their hours: and when they had said them, the King went out of the hermitage, and saw that the cloud did not move: and then the King understood that he had to tarry here, or that he was to hear mass before he departed, and he asked the Hermit to hear his confession, and the Hermit confessed him. And when he had confessed, he said that he would communicate, and the good Hermit saw that it was good, and he put on his vestments and said mass; and the King heard the mass, and received the very body of our Lord Jesus Christ. And when the King had done this, he went out to look at the cloud. And as he went out of the hermitage he saw that the cloud began to move, and then he dispeeded himself from the Hermit, and they embraced each other weeping, and

each entreated the other, that he would bear him in mind, and remember him in his prayers. And when the King had dispeeded himself, he followed after his holy guide, and the holy Hermit returned to his hermitage. And the King Don Rodrigo, notwithstanding his feet were swoln and full of blisters, and that in many places they were broken and bleeding, such and so great was the joy which he felt at going on in the course which he now held, that he endured it all as though he felt nothing. And he went, according as it seemed to him, full six leagues, and arrived at a convent of Black Monks, and there the cloud stopt, and would proceed no farther. And at that convent there was an Abbot who led an extraordinarily good and holy life; and they were not there like other monks; and he was a great friend of God and of our Lady the Virgin St. Mary: and this Abbot took the King to his cell, and asked if he would eat as he was wont to do, or like the other monks; and the King said, that he would do as he should direct him. And the Abbot ordered that a loaf should be brought of pannick and maize mixed together, and a jar of water, and on the other side he had food placed such as the monks used; and the King would eat only of the pannick bread, as he had been wont to do, and he drank of the water. And when he had eaten, the Abbot asked of him if he would remain that night or not,

and the King said that he knew not, but that he would go out and see whether he were to go or to remain. And the Abbot said that it was the hour of vespers, and that he ought to remain; and the King went out and saw that the cloud moved, and that it behoved him to go, and he dispeeded himself from the Abbot, and they commended themselves each to the other in his prayers. And the Abbot saw plainly how that cloud guided him, and how there was no other in the sky, and he marvelled greatly, and said, Certes this is some holy man, and he gave thanks to God. And the King went on that evening till he came to a church which was solitary and remote from peopled places: and there the cloud stopt, and he abode there that night. And the King went into the church, and found in it a lamp burning, and it rejoiced him much, for by the light of it he said his hours as well before he should sleep as after. And on the morrow when he had made his prayer, he went out of the church and beheld the cloud, and saw that it moved; and he went after it, and after two days' journey he came to a place which where it is, or what it is called, is not said, save that it is the place of his burial, for such it is. And there the cloud stopt and proceeded no farther; and it rested without the town over an ancient hermitage. And the elder of that place incontinently knew by the Holy Spirit how

King Don Rodrigo was come there; but he knew not his name, neither who he was; and he asked him if he meant to lead his life there, and he answered that it was to be as God should please. And the Elder said to him, Friend, I am the Elder of this place, for all the others, when they knew that King Don Rodrigo and his chivalry were slain and vanquished, fled from hence for fear of the Moors, and of the traitor Count Don Julian, and they all went to the mountains to escape. And I remained, putting my trust in our Lord God, and in his holy hands: for that I would rather abide that which may befall and take my adventure here, than utterly forsake our mother holy church; while I am able I will remain here and not forsake it, but rather receive my death. And therefore I say, that if you are to abide here you must provide yourself of that whereof you have need. And the King said, Friend of God, concerning my tarriance I cannot certify you; though surely I think that I shall abide; and if for the service of God you will be pleased to send me every day that I remain a loaf of pannick and water, I shall be contented therewith. And the Elder promised this, and departed forthwith and went to his home, and sent him a loaf of pannick and water. And the cloud remained there three days over that hermitage, and when the three days were at an end, it was seen no more. And the King,

when he could no longer see it, understood that there he must perform his penance, and gave many thanks to God, and was full joyful thereat. And on the morrow the Elder came to see him, and they communed with each other in such manner, that the King confessed to him all the sins which he had committed during his whole life till that time, all which he called to mind with great contrition, weeping full bitterly and groaning for his errors and sins. And the Elder was greatly astonished, and said, That on the third day from thence he would appoint him his penance. And he went to his church and confessed, and addrest himself to prayer in such guise that he neither ate nor drank, nor raised himself from one place, weeping bitterly, and beseeching God that he would shew him what penance he should appoint the King; for after no other manner did he think to appoint it, than such as his holy mercy and compassion should direct. And on the third day he heard a voice which said thus, Command King Don Rodrigo that he go to a fountain which is below his hermitage, and he shall find there a smooth stone; and bid him lift it up, and under it he shall find three little serpents, the one having two heads. And bid him take that which hath two heads, and carry it away, and place it in a jar, and nurse it secretly, so that no person in the world shall know thereof, save only

he and thou; and let him keep it till it wax so great that it hath made three turns within the jar, and puts its head out; and when it is of that greatness, then let him take it out, and lay it in a tomb which is there, and lie down himself with it, naked; and close the tomb well, that the serpent may not be able to go out; and in this manner God is pleased that King Don Rodrigo should do penance."

Ch. 254. — *Of the Penance which was appointed King Don Rodrigo.*

"The Elder when he heard the voice was greatly amazed at so rigorous a penance as this, and gave many thanks to God, and he went to King Don Rodrigo, and told him the manner how he had heard the voice; and the King was full joyful and content and pleased therewith, and gave many thanks to our Lord, for that he should now complete his penance and save his soul. And therewith in great joy, and shedding many tears for pleasure, he went to the fountain as he had been directed, and found the smooth stone. And when he had lifted it up, he found the three serpents according as the Elder had said, and he took that which had two heads,

and he took it and put it in a great jar, such as would be a large wine vessel, and nurst it there till it was of such bigness as the voice had said. And when King Don Rodrigo saw that it was of this bigness he confessed to the Elder, weeping full bitterly, demanding favour of God that he would give him grace and strength with patience to fulfil that penance without any temptation or trouble of soul; to the end that, the penance being completed, it might please our Lord God to receive his soul into his glory. And before the fifth day after the serpent was thus big, the King and the Elder went to the tomb, and they cleansed it well within; and the King placed himself in it naked as he was born, and the serpent with him, and the Elder with a great lever laid the stone upon the top. And the King besought the Elder that he would pray to our Lord to give him grace that he might patiently endure that penance, and the Elder promised him, and thus the King remained in his tomb, and the serpent with him. And the Elder consoled him, saying to him many things to the end that he might not be dismayed, neither fall into despair, whereby he should lose the service of God. And all this was so secret that no man knew it, save only the King and the Elder. And when it was day-break the Elder went to the church and said mass, with many tears and with

great devotion beseeching God that he would have mercy and compassion upon King Don Rodrigo, that with true devotion and repentance he might complete his penance in this manner, which was for his service. And when he had said mass, he went to the place where King Don Rodrigo lay, and asked him how he fared, and the King answered, Well, thanks to God, and better than he deserved, but that as yet he was just as when he went in. And the Elder strengthened him as much as he could, telling him that he should call to mind how he had been a sinner, and that he should give thanks to our Lord God, for that he had visited him in this world, and delivered him from many temptations, and had himself appointed for him this penance; the which he should suffer and take with patience, for soon he would be in heavenly glory. And the King said to him, that he well knew how according to his great sins he merited a stronger penance: but that he gave many thanks to our Lord Jesus, for that he himself had given him this penance, which he did receive and take with great patience; and he besought the Elder that he would continue to pray our Lord God that he would let him fulfil it. And the Elder said to him many good things concerning our Lord God. And the King lay there three days, during all which time the serpent would not seize

on him. And when the third day, after that he had gone into the tomb, was completed, the serpent rose from his side, and crept upon his belly and his breast, and began with the one head to eat at his nature, and with the other straight toward his heart. And at this time the Elder came to the tomb, and asked him how he fared, and he said, Well, thanks to God, for now the serpent had begun to eat. And the Elder asked him at what place, and he answered at two, one right against the heart with which he had conceived all the ills that he had done, and the other at his nature, the which had been the cause of the great destruction of Spain. And the Elder said that God was with him, and exhorted him that he should be of good courage, for now all his persecutions both of the body and of the soul would have an end. And the King ceased not always to demand help of our Lord, and to entreat that of his holy mercy he would be pleased to forgive him. And the Elder went to his home, and would not seat himself to eat, but retired into his chamber, and weeping, prayed full devoutly to our Lord that he would give strength to the King that he might complete his penance. And the serpent, as he was dying for hunger, and moreover was large, had in one minute eaten the nature, and began to eat at the bowels; nevertheless he did not eat so fast,

but that the King endured in that torment from an hour before night till it was past the middle of the day. And when the serpent broke through the web of the heart, he staid there and ate no further. And incontinently the King gave up his spirit to our Lord, who by his holy mercy took him into his glory. And at that hour when he expired all the bells of the place rang of themselves as if men had rung them. Then the elder knew that the King was dead, and that his soul was saved."

Thomas Newton in his "Notable History of the Saracens," seems to imagine that this story is allegorical. "Nowe," he says, "whereas it is reported, and written that he folowed a starre or a messenger of God, which conducted and guided him in his way; it may be so, and the same hath also happened to others; but it may as well also be understoode of a certaine secrete starre moving and directing his will.

"And whereas they say he was put by that holy man into a cave or hole, and a serpent with him that had two heads, which in two days' space gnawed all the flesh off his body from the bones; this, beyng simplie taken and understanded, hath no likelihood of any truth. For what sanctity, what religion, or what pietie, commandeth to kyll a penitent person, and one that seeketh com-

fort of hys afflicted mind by amendment of life, with such horrible torments and straunge punishment? Wherefore I woulde rather think it to be spoken mysticallye, and that the serpent with two heads signifieth his sinful and gylty conscience."

An humble tomb was found.—XXV. p. 174.

How Carestes found the grave of King Don Rodrigo at Viseo in Portugal.

"I, Carestes, vassal of King Don Alfonso of Leon, son-in-law of the Knight of God, King Don Pelayo, when the said King Don Alfonso won Viseo from the Moors who held it, found a grave in a field, upon the which were written in Gothic letters, the words which you shall here read. This grave was in front of a little church, without the town of Viseo, and the superscription of the writing was thus: —

Of the writing which was upon the grave of King Don Rodrigo.

"Here lies King Don Rodrigo, the last of the Goths, Cursed be the wrath of the traitor Julian, for it was of long endurance, and cursed be his anger, for it was ob-

durate and evil, for he was mad with rage, and stomachful with pride, and puffed up with folly, and void of loyalty, and unmindful of the laws, and a despiser thereof; cruel in himself, a slayer of his lord, a destroyer of his country, a traitor to his countrymen; bitter is his name; and it is as grief and sorrow in the mouth of him who pronounces it; and it shall always be cursed by all that speak of him."

That veracious chronicler Carestes then concludes his true history in these words:—"And by this which I found written upon this grave, I am of mind that King Don Rodrigo lies there, and because of the life which he led in his penitence, according as ye have heard, which also was in the same tomb written in a book of parchment, I believe without doubt that it is true, and because of the great penance which he did, that God was pleased to make it known in such manner as it past, for those who hereafter shall have to rule and govern, to the end that all men may see how soon pride is abased and humility exalted. This Chronicle is composed in memory of the noble King Don Rodrigo; that God pardon his sins, and that son of the Virgin without stain, Jesus Christ, bring us to true repentance, who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

Thanks be to God!"

I believe the Archbishop Roderick of Toledo is the earliest writer who mentioned this discovery. He died in 1247. The fact may very possibly have been true, for there seems to have been no intention of setting up a shrine connected with it. The Archbishop's words are as follow: —

"*Quid de Rege Roderico acciderit ignoratur; tamen corona, vestes et insignia et calciamenta auro et lapidibus adornata, et equus qui Orelia dicebatur, in loco tremulo juxta fluvium sine corpore sunt inventa. Quid autem de corpore fuerit factum penitus ignoratur, nisi quod modernis temporibus apud Viseum civitatem Portugalliæ inscriptus tumulus invenitur,* Hic jacet Rodericus ultimus Rex Gothorum. *Maledictus furor impius Juliani quia pertinax, et indignatio, quia dura; animosus indignatione, impetuosus furore, oblitus fidelitatis, immemor religionis, contemptor divinitatis, crudelis in se, homicida in dominum, hostis in domesticos, vastator in patriam, reus in omnes, memoria ejus in omni ore amarescet, et nomen ejus in æternum putrescet.*" — Rod. Tol. f. 3. g. 19.

Lope de Vega has made this epitaph, with its accompanying reflections, into two stanzas of Latin rhymes, which occur in the midst of one of his long poems :—

Hoc jacet in sarcophago Rex ille
Penultimus Gothorum in Hispania,
Infelix Rodericus; viator sile,
Ne fortè pereat tota Lusitania;.
Provocatus Cupidinis missile
Telo, tam magnâ affectus fuit insaniâ
Quam tota Hiberia vinculis astricta
Testatur mœsta, lachrimatur victa.

Execrabilem Comitem Julianum
Abhorreant omnes, nomine et remoto
Patrio, appellent Erostratum Hispanum,
Nec tantum nostri, sed in orbe toto:
Dum current cœli sidera, vesanum
Vociferant, testante Mauro et Gotho,
Cesset Florindæ nomen insuave,
Cava viator est, a Cava cave.

Jerusalen Conquistada, l. 6. ff. 137.

THE END.

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